THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO 27. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

Magnificent Celebration of Pontifical High Mass in that Beautiful Temple.

Eloquent and Impressive Sermon by the Rev. Father McLoughlin, of the Archdiocese of St. Louis.

The New Decorations.

The beautiful Catholic church of St. James, Wabash avenue and Twenty-ninth street, of which the Rev. Hugh McGuire is pastor, has been superbly redecorated, and is now, without exception, in its interior arrangement, the handsomest sacred edifice of any denomination in this city of artistic churches. The high rank attained by St. James' is mainly due to the unflagging zeal and untiring energy of its able pastor. Perhaps the largest congregation ever assembled in St. James' church gathered there last Sunday on the occasion of a thanksgiving celebration because of the complete redecoration of the edifice, which had suffered somewhat in appearance because of smoke resulting from a fire that started from an overheated furnace in the boys' vestry room last winter. Every seat in the pews was occupied, and the ushers were obliged to place a large number of chairs near the sanctuary railings for the accommodation of visitors. Pontifical high mass was celebrated with all the splendor of the Catholic church, and the Right Rev. Maurice J. Burke, bishop of Cheyenne, was the celebrant of this august sacrifice; Father E. J. Dunne, of the church of All Saints, the priest of the mass; Fathers Cartan, of the Nativity, and Henneberry, of St. Pius' church, the deacons of honor; Father Melody, the deacon; Father Muldoon, chancellor of this diocese, the master of ceremonies, and Father Van Pelt, of St. James', the second master of ceremonies. The church quartette, supported by a chorus of thirty five mixed voices and Rosenbecker's orchestra of twenty-one pieces, rendered Haydn's imperial mass, the third, in D minor. The exquisite voice of Miss Marcella Riley, the soprano soloist of the choir, was never heard to better advantage. Rev. M. J McLoughlin, of Hannibal, Mo., preached an eloquent historical sermon on the development of the church, especially in the United States. His text was Isaiah liv., 2 and 3: "Enlarge the place of thy tent and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitation; spare not, strengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes: For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the gentiles and make the desolate cities to be inhabited." "This prediction of Isaiah," explained the reverend speaker, "is realized in the history of the church of Christ. In order to form a just idea of the magnitude of this triumph of christianity, we must bear in mind not only the condition of the world as we find it, but as it was when Jesus came into it. Our civilization at its best is christian; it is the result of the preaching and practice of the gospel. We should recall the disruption and disintegration of the morals of mankind when as yet there was no knowledge of the true God. Then Christ came to save and gave his commission to the apostles, which is the charter of the church in all ages, 'Go and preach the gospel to every creature.' These devoted men broke all their human ties and penetrated regions where the Roman warrior himself feared to go, bearers of glad tidings. The world became conscious of this new force working for righteousness, and was unable to account for its success. It contained teachings contradictory to all the cravings of corrupt human nature. Povarty, self humiliation, with one nailed upon a gibbet as its God, it compelled faith, and so explained its power over the heart of man. And today that mighty force is as fresh, vigorous and elastic as when the mighty Constantine, with bended knee, acknowledged its power." This the eloquent divine illustrated by showing the vast increase of the Catholic church in America. He dwelt upon the change of status from that of fifty years ago when, as a rule, Catholics were looked upon with suspicion, and their religion with abhorrence. "The cause for this antipathy and much of the prevalent misrepresentation was not far to seek," continued Father McLoughlin. "The English language from the time its resources first began to develop, was in the possession of the enemies of the ancient faith." Fervidly the speaker insisted upon the devotion and steadfastness of his fellow believers to their church, and pointed to its practical works of charity. Among the many visiting prelates and clergymen was Bishop Grimes, of New Zealand.

The decoration of St. James church is a modern rendering of gothic. The building itself is an exceptionally fine specimen of the gothic architecture. The scheme of color is undoubtedly rich and charming in its effect, the church now being filled with a flood of light that is surprising in its effect and beauty. The ceiling is in a strong cream yellow with ornaments in yellow browns; walls in golden yellow set off by purple blues, golden browns, greens, and a small quantity of golden reds. The style of the ornamentation, or rather the manner in which it is rendered, is extremely original and effective. This is seen more especially in the clear story panels and friezo of the same, also in the beautiful deep rich band above the wainscoting. The capitals of the granite columns are in gold, making them a solid rich mass that are both perfect as a work of decoration and also from an architectural point of view, as visitors feel the immense strength and support they give to the columns. The clear story columns are in solid silver, repeating the granite of the columns below, and in certain lights sparkling with their own contrasting beauty to a surprising extent. The capitals and corbels are done in gold, with a running cornice around the church that is also solid gold, on their sculptural prominences. On the chancel wall there is a fine sample of the Italian gothic, executed in a background of deep blue with ornaments in two shades of a lighter blue. This color treatment is carried several feet above the altar, thereby having the effect of throwing out the marble in all its grandeur and beauty. This effect of blue is divided from the upper wall by a deep gold band, with cherub heads, figures of the Virgin and Catholic symbols.

It is the intention to replace the present chancel windows by some beautiful figure windows in opal glass. This manner of making stained glass is very expensive, but when complete St. James will no doubt be one of the most beautiful churches in the western states. The subjects for the same will be for the center window the Transfiguration, emblematical to the name of the church; the other two will be in memory of former pastors, the subjects being St. Patrick and St. Thomas. The general tone of colors, that of yellows and golden yellows, perhaps needs some explanation. Taking it from a symbolical point of view, the yellow and golden yellow are emblems of the sun, the goodness of God, and the emblematical colors attributed to St. Joseph and St. Peter. The purplish blues are emblematical of the mantles worn by Christ, the Virgin Mary, and St. John, also signifying heavenly love, truth, constancy and fidelity. The green symbolizes hope and victory. The red is emblematical of the holy spirit and divine love. Outside of its symbolic meaning it has the wonderful effect of filling the church with a warm, golden light, making it cheerful and distinct on the darkest of days, which no other known color could ever produce. The decorations were executed by the W. P. Nelson Co. The church is now fitted up with electric light, making it one of the most charming ecclesiastical buildings in the republic.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD WOLFE TONE O'CONNOR.

The innumerable friends of Mr. Maurice M O'Connor, in this city and elsewhere, were greatly shocked on Friday morning of last week to learn of the accidental death of his only son, Edward Wolfe Tone O'Connor, in his 13th year. Mr. O'Connor resides at No. 278 West Lake street, and the boy had only returned for summer vacation from Notre Dame, Ind., university two days before the fatal accident happened. On Thursday afternoon he went out riding with his father, who is general city agent for Charles Donnelly & Co., and whose business compelled him to make numerous calls in the course of the trip. At the corner of Ashland av. and Twelfth st. Mr. O'Connor stopped to transact some business with a Mr. Fox. He stepped into the latter's place for a moment, leaving the boy in the buggy, the top of which was, unfortunately, up. He heard the horse make a plunge, and rushed out in time to catch the reins, but the vicious brute got the bit in its teeth and could not be controlled. It trampled Mr. O'Connor to the ground, ran the vehicle over him, tore the clothes off his back, and, finally, tore itself free, running along Twelfth street in the direction of Paulina. At the corner of that street the buggy upset and the boy was thrown out against the curb stone. Three of his ribs were shattered and driven into his lungs, causing internal hemorrhage, from which he died soon after reaching home, where his afflicted mother was first apprized of the accident. The brave little fellow, who retained consciousness almost to the last, endeavored to soothe his agonized parents with his dying breath. Four doctors, who expended all the resources of science on the patient, were unable to ward off the inevitable, and the boy passed away painlessly at the last. A ten year old sister—the only remaining child of Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor—survives him. The funeral occurred on Sunday morning from the residence to St. Patrick's church, and was very largely attended. After the religious services, the remains were escorted by an enormous procession to the Milwaukee & St. Paul depot, where nine special cars received the numerous friends and bore them to Calvary cemetery, where the body of the young victim of an appalling accident was laid to rest. Mr. Maurice M. O'Connor has ever been an admirable citizen, and no truer friend of Ireland lives on American soil. The affliction that has befallen his honored household wrings the hearts of all his friends and neighbors, and both he and his amiable wife have the sympathy, in which THE CITIZEN joins with deep emotion, of all who know them.

MRS. BRIDGET L. AHERN.

Mrs. Bridget Loftus Ahern, widow of Timothy Ahern, and mother of M. L. Ahern, for many years connected with the Chicago press, Joseph Ahern, Mrs. Francis Galvin, Mrs. Agnes McGuire and Mrs. Nellie Murphy, was interred in Calvary's peaceful shadows on Monday. Timothy Ahern was a native of Kanturk, Cork, Ireland, and settling in Canada early, supervised at Kingston for about forty years the commissary department of Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence river steamboats. He was ever on the right side in Irish matters during the frequently bitter controversies in the Dominion, and numbered among his personal acquaintances Smith O'Brien, T. F. Meagher and other young Ireland leaders. His first wife died in Canada, where one of their daughters, Mrs. Maria Knapp, yet lives. Another daughter, Eliza Ann, is a Sister of Mercy in Charleston, S. C. Mr. Ahern died some years ago in Chicago at the age of 85. Mrs. Bridget Ahean died at the age of 73 She was a native of Ballina, county Mayo. If ever a woman cherished the memories of her country, bitter and sweet, she did. She was the fondest of mothers, and ever impressed upon her children's minds the beauty of virtue and honesty. She was generous to a fault and was the pride and the idol of her family circle, and of all her friends. May she rest in peace.

DR BEN. C MILLER.

Dr. Benjamin C. Miller, a noted physician of this city, a veteran of the civil war, and a gentleman who held many offices of public trust with honor to himself and benefit to the people, died rather suddenly at his home, No. 5506 Everett street, this city, on Saturday of last week. Dr. Miller was born in Indiana in 1844, received a careful education, enlisted in a cavalry regiment raised in his native state in 1861, and served gallantly until the close of the great civil conflict. He was a graduate of Rush Medical College, and was considered one of the most successful practioners in this community. As city physician and commissioner of public charaties, he made a fine record. He was a man of broad mind and generous heart—a thorough American in the very best sense of that term. Dr. Miller's health began to fail a few years ago, and he steadily continued to decline. The immediate cause of his death was disease of the liver. His wife and two children survive him. The funeral occurred on Sunday from the house to Oakwoods cemetery, and was largely attended by Chicagoans of every class, creed and calling.

CAPT. CORNELIUS MANNING.

The funeral of the brave Capt. Cornelius Manning, of the fire department, who received fatal injuries while in the line of duty, was held Sunday morning from the Holy Family church, Twelfth and May streets, Father Condon officiating. From the church a large concourse followed the remains to the Union depot, where a train was taken for Calvary. The pall bearers were from No. 6 engine company, of which Capt. Manning was long a member. The hearse was followed by seventy members of the fire department, fifty Grand Army men, eighty Foresters, and sixty carriages. The procession was marshaled by officers from the police department. The body was placed in the vault at Calvary cemetery.

Canada and England.

The Canadians as a people laugh to scorn any idea of closer political relations with England. The whole trend of public opinion is in the opposite direction. The most popular and influential leaders in Canada are already openly looking forward to a severance of the tie with Great Britain. The Conservative government only retains power by a curious compound of loyalty and nationalism, which, reduced to pain English, means: Canada for the Canadians. Sir John MacDonald, in the discussion over the national policy, was warned by the Imperial Conservatives that a protective policy for Canada would injure the British connection; and his emphatic response was, "So much the worse for the British connection." Those friends of unrestricted reciprocity who are dubbed "traitors" by the government organs retort by reminding them of Sir John's famous and popular reply to the imperial croakers. Canadians are essentially democratic in their ideas. The English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants who have built up Canada were not recruited from the aristocratic classes, and they came here disgusted with the social gulfs and poverty of Europe, with the determination to establish homes in the New World, where aristocratic and monarchical institutions would not grind them into the Slough of Despond forever.—*From "A Brief for Continental Unity," by Walter Blackburn Harte, in New England Magazine for July.*

Changes of Climate

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with terminal in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

GOLDSMITH'S YOUTH.

The Trials and Surroundings of the Warm Hearted Poet Feelingly Described.

How the Small Pox Spoiled His Features and Made Him the Butt of the Malignant.

SWEET AUBURN.

In the year 1728 the Rev. Charles Goldsmith was curate—"passing rich on forty pounds a year"—of the parish of Forney, a curacy which appears to have included services at Kilkenny West. Mr. Goldsmith lived at Pallas, having some years previously married the daughter of Rev. Mr. Jones, who kept school at Elphin. They had already several children, when in 1728 a son, Oliver, was born at Pallas. It has frequently been stated that Oliver was born at Elphin, but I was told by one of the owners of the Pallis property that there is no doubt the future poet was born at Pallas. In 1730 the Rev. Charles Goldsmith was made vicar of Lissoy, or Lishoy, as it was then spelt. This gave the family comparative riches—nearly £200 a year—with the "modest mansion" seen across the lake from Kilkenny West; here the vicar and his family lived the simple life so beautifully described in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and here the little Oliver learned his first lessons in life.

Oliver began his studies at an early age, learning his primer at the knee of a dame named Elizabeth Delap, who long survived him, and used in her old age to tell of her pupil, whom she had considered anything but a bright boy. But we must remember that in the good old days it was not the custom to foster the vanity of children by every injudicious means possible. No proud parent could then send the poor little empty pate wagging proudly forth of a morning, after seeing in the daily papers that the prodigy actually knew how to read and write at an age when the parents who lived before the march of intellect made repeating machines of youth, thought that little boys should have some knowledge of Latin and Greek. Certain it is that at the age of six years Dame Delap's little scholar was already beyond her teaching and advanced to that of

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

No doubt Oliver often played the truant, and loved better to learn from the open book of nature than from dull set lessons, still he must have done well enough to make a present-day intermediate junior graduate rub his eyes, for at eight years of age he was considered fit for promotion to a school at Elphin, where he remained two years, residing with an uncle, in whose family circle, as his sister, Mrs. Hodson, tells us, he was looked upon as a prodigy.

While yet at the school at Lissoy, Oliver was attacked by virulent small pox, which swelled and disfigured his face and features; this misfortune was henceforth to be a source of pain to the sensitive nature of child and man. At Elphin he suffered bitterly from the stinging taunts schoolboys can so ruthlessly fling at one afflicted, even though the lad was so gentle and affectionate that one would suppose such a nature would shame even the most thoughtless boys into silence at least, if not into total forgetfulness of his personal disfigurements. But who will wonder at the heartlessness of boys when we consider that in after days, in the days when Goldsmith's genius had won for him, perforce, a first place among the literary men of his time, some of these were men of envious and grudging natures, who sought to gratify their malice by unworthy sneers at the "vulgarity" of the Irishman, whose beautiful simplicity of character they were unable to comprehend, and who showed their own refinement by what I cannot but call the brutal and cruel means of ridiculing the sensitive poet's personal defects.

From Elphin Oliver Goldsmith was removed to a school in Athlone, where he spent two years. In 1741, when thirteen years of age, he was sent to school at Edgeworthstown, and spent his holidays between that place, Lissoy and Ballymahon; in all these neighborhoods he had, as we shall see, a charming school in which to study nature, during most probably the happiest days of the boy's life, for he was among his kindred, within a few miles of home, surrounded by all that could impress a nature like his with a sense of what is lovable and beautiful in homelike pastoral scenes, and in his wanderings by river and meadow he laid up stores of observation which he utilized years after in his "Animated Nature."

Meanwhile changes had been going on in the Lissoy home. There was a large family to bring up; the secret marriage of a daughter to the son of a wealthy landowner, Mr. Hodson, of St. John's, had proved the ruin of the rest of the children. Nowadays the name of Oliver Goldsmith Hodson is considered almost as a title in the family who were then so irate at the marriage of a son with the poor vicar's daughter that, to spare her the reproaches of her new relatives, the vicar contracted to give his daughter £400 fortune. For this he crippled his means, and the other children were the sufferers. His eldest son had been at Trinity College, Dublin, as a pensioner, and Oliver was to follow in order to receive a profession as doctor, but poverty obliged the father to make a tradesman of one son, who lived and died

A POOR CABINETMAKER

in Charlestown, and the timid, sensative Oliver was sent as sizar to Trinity College, where he suffered untold anguish from the miseries of his lot. In those days a sizarship in Trinity was not what it is today. It was then a cruel position—that of charity boy, at whom all flung contempt and ill treatment, and woe to the youth who brought a heart like Oliver Goldsmith's to such a post. In the midst of Oliver's college career the Rev. Chas. Goldsmith died, leaving his family penniless, and then indeed the poor youth, whose statue now forms the pride and the chief ornament of the college, led a life of agony. He had no money—scarcely had he clothes; he had no friends without the gates to aid him; within was a master who treated him with brutality. Half starving, he earned a few shillings now and then by writing street ballads, and stole out at night to listen as the ballad singer sang them through the streets, their author too ragged to be seen in the daylight. And yet all his sufferings—and they were many—but made that kind heart more tender; more pitiful of the sufferings of others, the greater were his own. Half famished he would stay his hand and give to a hungry woman the food his own appetite craved; sorrowful—and his was one of those natures called in scorn "womanly," that can be cut by a word where another would scarce feel a blow—he would turn from his own sorrows to cheer those in trouble; ragged, he would share his rags with the naked. Beautiful as are his poet's mind and work, far more beautiful are these, the delicate virtues of a nature that could come out from the bitterest trials only sweeter and gentler, and therefore more noble. There is no record of his whole life that shows him to have done a mean or an unkind act, even under provocation the coarsest that a man ever met with. There is one anecdote of his miserable college days in Dublin that has often been told in jest; I wonder has there been another poet in all the world of whose youth so beautiful a story could be related.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

ALL SAINTS PARISH.

School Closing Exercises of the Pupils at De La Salle Institute—Presentation to the Reverend Pastor.

The closing exercises of the school children of All Saints parish, the Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor, were held at the hall of the De La Salle Institute last Monday evening. The arrangements were made under the direction of the Rev. E. J. Kelly and of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Corkery. The Right Rev. Bishops Burke, of Cheyenne, and Grimes, of New Zealand, together with a large number of local clergymen, were among those present. Fully two thousand people were seated in the commodious hall, and the programme, which consisted of literary and musical numbers, was excellently rendered and heartily applauded. Judges Moran and Clifford and Congressman McCann occupied seats on the platform. At the conclusion of the exercises, Mr. Corkery, representing a committee of Father Dunne's parishioners, approached that popular clergyman and addressed him in the following terms:

"Reverend and Dear Father: Your parishioners of All Saints church deem it their duty, as they know it to be their pleasure, to take public notice of the twentieth anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood. In family gatherings, where the true spirit of family union prevails, anniversary observances are always considered the most appropriate in proportion as they are the most natural and the least ceremonious. As I am a plain, business man, and not an orator, I can only account for the honor my fellow parishioners bestowed upon me when they selected me as their spokesman for this evening, on the theory that they wanted this to be truly a family affair and preferred to be represented in simple terms of friendship and affection rather than by words of more grace and polish which might seem less heartfelt because of their very artistic excellence. To the Catholic this evening's manifestation of affection for a pastor needs no explanation. To the non-Catholic perhaps no explanation would make it understood. To each one of us the pastor is more than a preacher who delights us with phrases once a week. He is in practice in every day life, at every stage of life, in misfortune, in sickness and at death, a personal friend, an adviser, a confident. None are so poor, none so ignorant, none so unfortunate in any respect as to be considered unworthy of his solicitude, his counsel and his aid. We do not merely call him "Father" in obedience to custom or in respect to ceremony. We call him father because he is the father of his flock. No misfortune is so appalling, no disease so dangerous or loathsome that it can separate him from us. Every good priest seems to grow naturally into his parish. He is not only with it, but is also of it. But the founder of a parish always holds the closest place to his people that it is possible for a priest to hold. We, of All Saints parish, are proud of our pastor, and give him obedience and respect with joyful and willing hearts. We never wish him to be absent from our gatherings except when we want to speak of him in the words which our gratitude suggests but which his modesty forbids. All remember the zeal, the patience, the fidelity and the cheerfulness with which he began the great work imposed on him when he was told to go empty handed and establish a parish. He had a willing heart, but he had neither home, nor school nor church. He had not a dollar to buy brick, nor a foot of soil upon which to place it if he had it. The young clergyman—only ordained four years—who could accept such a post must be of one of two classes. Either he must be a thoughtless man unable to realize his great responsibility, or one strengthened by a faith which gave him a combination of the traits of both missioner and martyr. The result of your sixteen years of labor, Father Dunne, show to the world to which of these classes you belong. Your church and schools are monuments which classify you without the aid of inscriptions. We thank you and we congratulate you. We request you to gratify us on this occasion by accepting a horse and buggy as a small testimonial, not for its intrinsic value, but for the sentiment which prompted its gift and because it suggests the desire of your people that you should give some thought to your own comfort and happiness. If your horse is as gentle and as faithful as we pray he shall be, he will carry you safely and never carry you away from All Saints' church—untill you leave there to accept a mitre. But wherever he or duty shall carry you, in whatever field you may be engaged, you will always have the prayers and the love of the people of All Saints' parish.

Father Dunne made a brief but feeling and suitable reply in accepting the compliment, after which followed conversation and general congratulations. Among those present were:

John Gleason, M. J Bransfield, John Griffin, W. H. Townsend, Frank Higgins, Wm. Donnegan, Martin Prim, John Riggs, James Hanley, J. Murray, T. Lawler, Patrick Murphy, M. Maddigan, David Mullen, John O'Day, Thos Fenlon, Nicholas Cook, Wm. Byrnes, Dan Toole, John Keefe, Christopher O'Shea, John Queenan, Martin Nolan, James E Mc Donough, James Raberry, Michael O'Connell, Chas. Williamson, Ignatius Sheridan, Patrick Barry, Tim Finn, Andrew Kelly, Michael Fox, Thos. O'Hare, Andrew O'Keefe, Joseph Ives, John Bush, Garret Lane, P. J Bush, Patrich Sheehan, Mathew Fitzgerald, M. Curtis, Dennis Fitzpatrick, Michael Gorman, Wm. C. Honan, J. Coyle, M. Dohney, V F. Rofinot, Thos. Tucker, Patrick Leahy, John McNamara, James Tyrrell, Thos. Moaker, Patrick French, Richard Powers, L C Lyman, J. Farrell, E. Corrigan, P. Scully, S. Buggy, Timothy O'Shea, Philip Murphy, John Downs, William Langdon, William H. Solte, Martin Kehoe, Thomas Kehoe, James Griffin, John Houlihan, George Miller, James Grogan, Michael McGovern, J. C Smith, Patrick Sullivan, J. J. Brophy, John Sheehan, Mrs Shortell, Bryan Doheny, Patrick Lynch, Nicholas Mellican, James Daly, Peter Flaherty, William P. Lee, Dr. C. J. Hartung, Joseph Cohn, Mark Mitchell, Walter Crowley, P. J. Wall, Wm. Kane, James S. Thomas, John Skelly, William Plunket, Thomas Jennings, Dr. Collins, Timothy Bergan, M. G. O'Connor, J. C. Keegan, Thomas Crowe, B. B. Bracy.

Notre Dame Academy, Chicago.

The sixth annual commencement of the pupils of Notre Dame Academy took place on Monday evening, June 22, at 7:30 Long before the hour for the exercises the patrons and friends had filled the spacious hall, all displaying the greatest interest in the proceedings. The programme was well arranged. The speaking and singing of Misses M. Henderson, G. Hart, and E. Giroux, were rendered in a most artistic manner, and were received with great applause. Also the religious drama of "St. Philomena's Martyrdom," which was given in the French language. The gold and silver medals presented by Rev. Father Bergeron, were awarded to Misses L. Brennan and K. Reardon. The gold medal presented for the French language by Mr. Z. P. Brosseau was awarded to Miss G. Picard. The gold medal presented by F. H. Henderson for English composition was merited: Miss Mary Henderson first prize, Miss Emma Giroux second prize. After a careful examination the following young ladies received the graduating medals: Miss Mary Henderson, Miss Cordelia Cyr, and Miss Grizzela Picard. The valedictory was composed and delivered by Miss Henderson, the well known and talented elocutionist. The floral presentations to the Rev. Fathers were numerous and beautiful, while countless showers of bouquets rained on the three graduates.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Columbia Court No. 2, C. O. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our late brother and associate, John Hannon, who was known among his brother Foresters and his friends generally, as a good, practical Catholic, a kind and loving husband and father, as well as a good and true friend to all. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as members of Columbia Court No. 2, C. O. F., do hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to his wife and family in this their hour of grief and sorrow, praying to Him, who does all things for our greatest good, to give them strength to bear their loss with fortitude. Be it also

Resolved, That this testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be written on the minutes of the Court, and that an engrossed copy be sent to the bereaved family. Be it further

Resolved, That copies be also sent to THE CITIZEN, the *Guide*, and *Catholic Home* for publication.

R. D. LETOURNEAUX,
MARTIN DOWLING,
THOMAS MALLEY,
Committee.

Wm. Flanagan, Rec. Sec.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

To strengthen the hair, thicken the growth, stop its blanching and falling out, and where it is gray to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

THE "CAKE"

"Welcome home, a thousand times over!" exclaimed a stout, soldierly looking personage of frank and kindly visage, although much bronzed and scarred. "Tare an' ouns, Pat, I've felt most confoundedly lonesome ever since you left, but now you're back again I'm as breezy as March, and, ha! cequin, you've been already distinguishing yourself on the old sod—handsome girl that, you rascal—prettier, I'd swear, than any Scotch lassie you met 'within a mile o' Edinboro' toun,' as the song says."

"Books, not lasses, were my chief trouble there," returned the student. "But, bless me, Major Bellew, you are looking quite brawley—excuse the importation. And, pray, how wags the world with you, my battle marked veteran?"

"Faith, passing well, my boy. A trifle of £600 left me by an affectionate uncle—peace be with him!—and now in the hands of my brother, Bishop Dominick, will help me to rejoin my regiment in Russia—that is, if certain things at home don't turn out as I expect."

"My best congratulations. Tonight we may have the pleasure of reviewing our mutual affairs."

"Nay—not tonight. Pressing business takes me to Killala."

"Oh, indeed:" and, with a quizzical look at his companion, the medical student commenced to hum an air most distinctly "Croppy."

Meanwhile four persons who have been introduced to the reader were assembled in converse in the parlor of one of them—Sir Thomas Chapman.

"Egad, and egad again," remarked the latter, "you are a man of surprises, Mr. Nelligan—a man of great surprises and alarms; but take care that some of them don't prove false."

Sir Thomas drank his glass of wine, smacked his large lips, and yawned. He was a man of easy habits—some of them too easy—and the cavalry uniform but thinly disguised the lumbering bucolic squire. The baronet was of the Killua family in Westmeath.

"Unfortunately they are but too true in this instance, as I shall prove to you," said the curate.

"Proceed with the startling revelation."

"This is no subject for jest, Sir Thomas. I hold most convincing proof that this town is nothing less than a nest of sedition and treason from Barnaderrig to Piper hill, thanks chiefly to the plotting of the imported Catholic weavers, the expelled 'Defenders' of Armagh, who inhabit those suburbs."

"Ha, ha. Treason in Barnaderrig; sedition in Piper hill! What fearful volcanoes of rebellion you have discovered—has he not, rector?—and what grand material for overturning the government? Not but that the poor fellows might make good soldiers; and Mr. Nelligan might write them a recruiting song, such as the pretty one he has made for the king:

Och, Paddy, you gandher, you're like a Highlander
For want of a breeches, for want of a breeches;
It's better you'd list, take a gun in your fist,
Than be mendin' ould ditches, be mendin ould ditches.
A shillin' a day is very good pay—
It's double the tester, it's double the tester:
Candles and fire, a house without hire—
The King's a good master, the King's a good master.

"Really, Sir Thomas," expostulated the rector, noticing the purple wrath that had leaped into the face of his colleague, "I think Mr. Nelligan is entitled to a respectful hearing."

"I did not mean to be disrespectful, but sceptical. Why, during the last month or so nearly all the papists of the district have been obliged, as a State precaution, to swear loyalty to his Majesty, the landlords acting as whippers in, and the magistrates attending at the various mass houses on certain Sundays and administering the oath of allegiance to both priests and people."

"Swearing them in under compulsion—a poor precaution I should think," commented Pierce Crofton.

"Prithee let Mr. Nelligan proceed."

"A few weeks ago," said the gentleman named, when he sufficiently recovered his composure, "we poor loyalists who keep our eyes and ears open to the wiles of our enemies and avoid sleeping in false security"—a reproachful shot at the baronet, who acknowledged it with a jerk of his head—"we noticed that the common people of the town, and especially the Northerns, were in the habit of largely frequenting the taverns and such places, and we got more than one sound inkling that rank treason was afoot, as it is still, for still it goes on unchecked, the newspaper-reading and speechmaking ——"

"And the drinking. Zounds, what a melodramatic conspiracy!"

"Tarry a little. Learning that a young peddler named Reynolds, who travels between here and Boyle, was a United Irish emissary and deep in the secrets of our local rebels, I wrote to the officer commanding at Boyle, by whose orders Raymolds was arrested and subsequently brought to the triangle, he denying the charges against him. The cat o'-nine tails proved a powerful persuader; after a few lashes he confessed. Here is the list of rebels he gave—a numerous bead roll, and some of the local parties highly respectable."

"Respectable, forsooth!" cried the baronet, now keenly interested; "the rebelly scum! But I shall soon have them all laid by the heels; aye, every traitorous soul of them!"

His informant uttered a sarcastic laugh.

"Indeed! You speak, Sir Thomas, as if you had an army at your back instead of a few paltry troops of Carbineers and Tyrawley Cavalry, with a few companies of raw yeomanry; and half of the latter are——"

"Confound it!—what?"

"Enrolled United Irishmen. Look at some of the names on this list."

Sir Thomas fiercely seized the proffered paper, and his rubicund face lost color as he read the leading names:

Roger Maguire and brothers, of Crossmolina; Gill Walshe and brother, of do; Mathew Bellew, late major, Russian army, of Ballina; Richard Bourke, merchant, of do; Patrick Barrett, medical student, of do.

"At all events we can secure the ringleaders, but it must be done with prudence and caution," remarked the baronet after a pause.

CHAPTER II.

INTENT OF "AN AFFAIR OF HONOR."

The report of a pistol rang through Dr. Barrett's garden, a puff of smoke drifted upwards and melted away amidst the dark boughs of overhanging trees, and a small piece of paper which had been affixed to the back of a solitary sycamore went fluttering to the ground.

"Not so bad in the dusk," commented the successful marksman; "soho, Crofton, my boy, you had better look out!"

Almost simultaneously with the shot came a cry of alarm. Two white figures darted forth from a woodbined arbor and confronted the holder of the smoking pistol."

"You wretch, how you startled us! Patrick, I am shocked at you."

"Dear me, did you mean to shoot us, sir?"

"The marksman surveyed the pair with surprise which soon changed to amusement, and sang a snatch of the old ballad—

Her white apron around her, I took her for a swan,
But to my misfortune I shot my Mollie Bawn.

"I regret having alarmed you, ladies; indeed I did not know you were there. However, I was duly cautious; there was nothing in my line of fire but the tree and the wall. Pray excuse me."

"What were you firing at?"

"Oh, nothing, Fanny, nothing worth mentioning. Merely trying to improve my pistol practice, as a member of that loyal and distinguished corps, the Tyrawly Cavalry, is bound to do."

"But, Maeve!" putting up his pistol the young student with extraordinary warmth and cordiality seized both hands of her he addressed. "This is a most delicious surprise. Whence and how have you dropped down upon us?"

"Maeve has arrived here from Erris within the last hour—yes, sir, even while you were distinguishing yourself at that ridiculous 'cake,' instead of being here to welcome her, as was your duty," explained the other girl, with assumed severity.

"A thousand pardons, but instinct failed me for once."

Both ladies were young and handsome, and both were dressed in the quaint but piquant costume of the period (of late familiarized to us by the drawings of Kate Greenaway),

When ladies' waists were close beneath their arms,
And frills just peeped beneath your skirts, my love.

Gowns of white muslin, relieved with sashes and bows of colored ribbon, with large caps to match, made up the main features of their toilettes, those of a day when female dress showed the effects of a healthy classical renaissance.

The taller of the girls, who wore her auburn hair in Grecian coil at the back of her shapely head, was Barrett's sister Fanny, one of the most vivacious and engaging of damsels.

Her companion, whose dark hair hung and quivered in a profusion of glossy ringlets, was a most amiable and lovable little Milesian beauty—namely, Miss Maeve O'Donnell, from the wild recesses of the Mayo highlands, or Erris. She and our student had been long undergoing what might be termed a desultory course of mutual attachment.

"And all is well at home, Maeve—happiness prevails in that bleak western Siberia?"

"All well, Patrick, thank you. But Siberia!—please speak more kindly of my home, sir; I prize it far above all the woods and fields of your boasted Tyrawley."

"Poor Tyrawley! Sentimental as ever, I see. So my friend Ferdy is at home again; I learned so yesterday from your cousin, Roger Maguire, of Crossmolina."

"Yes; poor Ferdy, several inches taller, is back to us again all the way from Cork city, and changed from a revenue officer to a model farmer. You may find him in Kilcommon with all his merry men digging and sowing and reaping and as contented as a lord."

"Or as a lord is popularly supposed to be. In a month or two I propose running out to spend a few days' shooting with him."

"Perhaps that is the reason of your shooting practise just now when you so rudely alarmed us," said Fanny significantly, accompanying the words with a very searching look.

Barrett stammered a reply. This sister of his could read him like a book.

"Not at all. Guns, not pistols, are the weapons with which Ferdy and myself will make havoc among fur and feather. I was merely amusing myself. But, by the way, are you for the Carbineer's ball tonight?"

"No," replied Fanny, "we have just written declining the invitation. Maeve is exhausted after that fearful journey, so we mean to spend a quiet evening at home. And you?"

"Will follow your very sensible example."

The evening had advanced, and the trees were mere shadows in the autumn twilight as the party retired indoors.

A comfortable Irish home of the period was that of Dr. St. Pierre Barrett, in Knox street, Ballina (on the site now occupied by the antique styled house of Mrs. Bourke), and the proprietor himself, a most estimable individual in his way, diffusing around him a spirit of good will and *bonhomie*, tempered with the peculiar dignity of the quaint old school of politeness to which he belonged.

He now looked a very image of ease and content as he stood on the hearthrug, over a favorite domestic site of his, even though no flame glowed in the spacious fireplace. A powdered wig made a snowy semicircle about his kindly florid countenance; his portly form was attired in professional black; a profusion of lace cravat fell over his bosom. His silken stockings, encasing a plentitude of calf, and his silver shoe buckles shone in the candlelight. In dress and appearance he was a model paterfamilias of the eighteenth century.

But beyond all this there was something peculiarly remarkable about the doctor. He was chief representative (and strongly conscious was he of the fact) of a family which once held supreme power in Tyrawly, their sway extending from the Moy to Blacksod. This way the leading tribe of the fierce Cymric filibusters who in the thirteenth century seized upon Tyrawly and Erris, building the first stone castles in those territories, driving out the native Irish clans, but becoming, eventually "more Irish than the Irish." Their Æsculapian descendant inherited an almost Milesian pride of pedigree. Behind him, in gorgeous frame over the mantel, hung his cherished family tree, tracing his ancestry all the way back to Sir David Barrett, described by the *seanachies* as "son of the King of Wales." Thereon in florid text appeared the names of William More Barrett, who was slain by the Cossacks at the great battle of Moyne in 1821, and of his brother, the Welsh White Knight; of Wattin, from whom the Barrets called themselves MacWattin, when they adopted Irish surnames; of Rickard, who was drowned in the Moy when the O'Dowds defeated his attempt to plunder Coolcarney in 1412; and of the last MacWattin Barrett, or Welsh ruler of Tyrawley, when territory was invaded and seized by the Norman MacWilliam Bourkes.

"Egad, doctor," exclaimed an irreverent wag on scrutinising this formidable certificate, "what a deuced lot of remarkable people it took to produce you!"

However, despite differences of race and creed, the doctor lived on the most friendly terms with the Protestant gentry of the barony, descendants of sturdy troopers who had carried the musket or brattled kettledrum in the army of Cromwell. Originally an apothecary in Ballina, he conceived even after his marriage, the idea of becoming a regular physician, and to this end studied successfully at Edinburgh, he being sustained in this course, it is said, by the subscriptions of some of the aforesaid gentry, with whom he was a favorite.

He was now in comfortable practice, which brought him about £300 a year, and flourished apace, albeit he had in the county a strong professional rival in Sir William Boyd, one of the most noted physicians of the day.

This evening he was in even abnormally good humor, having just received a fat check from a wealthy patient.

"Very prettily sung indeed, my dear," he said, beaming a paternal smile upon Maeve, as she finished singing one of the languidly sentimental ditties of the day, to which Fanny had tinkled an accompaniment on the harpsichord, "very prettily sung. You're just like a little bird come into the house."

"An Erris canary," laughed the songstress.

"No, a dove—ahem—only doves don't sing. They bill and coo, though."

Fanny flashed a reproving glance at her father, but he only rubbed his hands and laughed at his own sally. Maeve looked somewhat confused and annoyed. The doctor knew and approved of the evident understanding which existed between his son and this fair scion of the O'Donnells, and, all sides satisfied, he did not see how there could be any hurt sensibilities in the matter. And so he went on:

"You hear, Patrick—you never heard anything like that in your travels; a sweeter song I mean?"

"Never, indeed," came an absent minded voice from the corner, where our student was pensively nursing his leg.

Alas for fidelity! his errant thoughts were with his charming partner of some hours before. Maeve had noticed his brooding mien, but attributed it to another cause—to her a distressing one.

"What dismal echo is that I hear?" said Fanny, mimmicking her brother's voice. "Wake up; genteel music is quite thrown away on you this evening. But perhaps this is more in your style."

With her usual sprightly impulse and vivacity she sang—

Vive la, the French are coming!
Vive la, they're staunch and true,
Vive la, the French are coming:
What will the poor yeomen do?

"Hush, Fanny," hastily exclaimed the doctor. "Good heavens, girl, have you a grain of common sense in your head? Do you want to ruin us all? To sing such a song as that and—and—"

Without finishing his breathless sentence the alarmed pater familias rushed to the window. A man's face was seen pressed closely against the glass. It suddenly vanished.

"Now, what the mischief brings that fellow, Billy Moran, prying about my house?" exclaimed the doctor in visible anxiety.

"The scoundrel—I'll teach him a lesson he has been long in need of," said Patrick, rising.

"Nay, nay," urged his father, laying a detaining hand on his shoulder, "no use getting into trouble with the scamp. I'll complain to Sir Thomas Chapman about him; that's the best way."

"Perhaps, father, you forget that I'm a superior officer of Billy's in that redoubtable corps, the Tyrawley Cavalry, and therefore in a position to bring him to book," said the student with a light laugh. "However, as you will. And now I beg to be excused, as I have an appointment with a particular friend. I am loath to leave, but cannot help it."

"All right, my boy, but be cautious how you remain out late. Wild times, you know, dangerous times."

"What—for a loyal member of the Tyrawley Cavalry, who fear neither man nor demon! Oh, we care for no foe, we gallant cavaliers. Never mind, I'll take care of myself."

As Barrett was taking his hat from its peg in the hall a small white hand was laid on his arm, and turning he beheld the sweet face of Maeve, flushed and full of anxiety.

"A moment, Patrick. I have heard of what occurred this evening at the 'cake.'"

"You have?"

"Yes; I was very sorry, and now I want to exact a promise from you."

"A promise, Maeve."

The uneasy feeling gave way to one of surprises and curiosity.

"It is that you will not fight Mr. Crofton. I know he insulted you very grossly before all those people, and that it was very hard for you to bear it, but still, dear, it is not worth fighting about, not worth it at all. And, oh, if you should be killed!"

He experienced a sense of the ludicrous. Nevertheless, he bent and kissed the small hand that fluttered in his, and endeavored to smile confidence into the dark eyes appealing to him.

"Promise me that you will not challenge Mr Crofton."

"Maeve, you astonish me. I dare not show my face in the country if I allowed the insolence of that puppy to go unpunished. The very dogs would bark at me. Have no fear for me, my dearest girl; all will be well."

"But the very first favor I have ever asked of you—you will not grant it?"

"I am very, very sorry, but I cannot."

With a little sob she turned despondently away. He watched till the last fold of her white dress swung through the door at the end of the hall. Then, in sullen communion with himself, and with the guilty sensation renewed, he issued into the night

"Affectionate little creature. And is it really possible I am deceiving her—or myself, which? Anxious only on my own unworthy account, she seems to ignore altogether the existence of peerless Princess Fortescue, who, by the way, shall soon have her due libation of blood. Peerless Princess Fortescue! Verily my miserable heart seems changed into a lump of putty, to receive every new impression. Well, the next one shall possibly be that of Pierce Crofton's bullet, as a change from Cupid's arrow."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Cumha Dheirdre a n-diaigh na h-Alban.

Soraidh soir go h-Alban uaim,
Maith radharc a cuan 's a gleann:
Mar m-biodh mic Uisnigh ag seilg,
Aoibhinn suidhe ós leirg a beann.

Lá dá raibh maithe Alban ag ól,
'S mic Uisnigh dár cóir cin,
D'inghin Iarla Dhuna Treoin
Do thug Naeise póg gan fhios.

Do chur chuice eilid bhaeth,
Agh allaigh* a's laegh ré a cois,
'S do ghabh sé chuice air cuairt,
Ag filleadh ó shluagh Iubher Nois.

Mar do chuala mise sin,
Lionas mo chiun lan do'n eud,
Chuirios mo churchán air toinn
'S ba cuma liom bás no eug.

Leanadar mise air an t-snámh,
Ainsle a's Ardáu nár chan breug:
Do fhilleadar mé asteach,
Dís do chuirfeadh cath air cheud.

Do thug Naeise briathar go fíor,
A's do luigh ló chrí a bh-fiadhnuis arm,
Nach g-cuirfeadh orm-sa gruaim,
Go d-téigh uaim air shluagh na marbh.

Uch! dá g-cluinfeadh sí-se anocht
Naeise bheith faoi bhrat a g-cré,
Do ghuilfeadh sí go beacht,
'S do ghuilfinn-se fós seacht léi.

Cá h-ingnamh cia agam féin
Air chrich Alban fa réidh ród,
Ba slán mo chéile 'nna measg,
Fá liom féin a h-eich 's a h-ór.

*"Agh allaidh," a kind of the wood.

"Weak and weary,' describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite.

Trifling Things in Court.

Very trifling things sometimes go very far in the courts. The supreme court of the United States has ended a costly and long controversy by ruling upon the question, "Is the tomato a fruit or a vegetable?" About $30,000 has been expended in the celebrated "Jones county calf case," in Iowa, in which the ownership of a calf valued at fifteen dollars is involved. A Medina county (O.) farmer a few years ago refused to pay taxes on four moolleys on the ground that the law provided for the taxation of "all horned cattle of whatsoever kind," whereas the four cows had no horns. This case was ended in the circuit court after the costs had eaten up the value of the defendant's farm. A suit for taxes in which the Standard Oil company is involved to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars in Pennsylvania and Ohio hangs upon the insertion of a comma in an Ohio statute.—Chicago Mail.

A Machine That Makes and Cooks Sausages

One of the novelties at the St. Pancras exhibition in London, England, was a sausage machine, driven by electric motor. In conjunction with this machine it has been proposed to employ an electra heating attachment, whereby the savory dish can be delivered cooked and smoking hot to the purchaser. It begins to look as if the shrewd individual who conceived the idea of a universal pig utilizing machine, into which the animal could be put at one end, to emerge at the other as cured hams and blacking brushes, was no visionary, but only a prophet a little in advance of his times.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Short Shrift.

One of the leading banking firms in Paris, on the recommendation of a London correspondent, engaged an English clerk of the name of Stephenson. For about three years the man's punctuality was altogether unprecedented. He came to his work at 9 in the morning and did not leave the office before the last stroke of 5. He was not a man, he was a clock. Besides, during the whole time he never asked for a holiday. One fine morning, however, to the great surprise of his superior, Stephenson blushingly craved permission to absent himself for an hour on the following day.

Next day at 12 he left the office. It was observed that a carriage stood waiting for him at the door. At 1 o'clock he drove up again in the same carriage and resumed his calculations as cool and self possessed as if nothing had happened. This short absence puzzled the brains of all the employes in the bank. The principal himself, eager to obtain the solution of the enigma, invited this paragon of clerks to dinner. Between two glasses of Chambertin the banker said, "You will not think me indiscreet if I ask you what you did with yourself in that hour's leave of absence you applied for last Tuesday?"

"Oh! dear no!" replied Stephenson, "I went and got married!"—Messager Boiteux.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $2.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

THE INDUSTRIAL FIELD.

Details of the Riot at the Franklin Coal Mines.

THE SITUATION GROWING SERIOUS.

Colonel Haines Telegraphs to Seattle for More Troops — Three Companies of Militia Now Camped Between the Imported Negroes and the Strikers—Lorillard Closes His Big Tobacco Factory in Jersey City.

SEATTLE, Wash., June 30.—Matters at the Franklin coal mines have assumed a still more threatening form, and Colonel J. C. Haines has wired to this city for another company of militia to report at once and to bring ammunition, camp equipage, and rations for a week's service. Porter Robinson, one of the mine bosses, was brought to the city by a military guard, charged with killing Tom Morris and Ed J. Williams, leaders of Sunday's riot. The first authentic information concerning the riot was received from Franklin. At least 1,000 shots were fired during the riot, which lasted about thirty minutes and resulted in the death of Tom Morris, a white striker, who was killed instantly; Edward J. Williams, who was shot through the abdomen and died six hours later, and the wounding of four strikers, two women and one colored guard.

Fired Upon from Ambush.

The trouble commenced with the return of the train at 7:40 p. m. from New Castle, which contained a number of Pinkerton men who had escorted a load of negroes to the latter mining camp. The guards say that when the train was pulling into Franklin it was fired upon by some of the white miners in ambush, and that while no one was hurt bullets whistled through the windows of the train at a lively rate. The guards returned the fire from the windows, and the engineer seeing the danger put the train under full head and ran it to the depot, which is inside the dead line. When the train had stopped the white miners commenced firing upon the negroes' camp. They were between two fires, as the outside miners were situated on the flats below and on the hill above them.

Answered Shot for Shot.

The negroes went perfectly wild, and all the efforts of the guards could not restrain them. They kept within the camp lines and poured volley after volley upon the miners on the flats, who replied with equally as much vigor. The miners on the hills kept up a good fire, but were answered shot for shot by the negroes. After the shooting intense excitement prevailed among the negroes and they gathered about their camp in groups threatening to make another charge upon the white miners. They were finally quieted by the officers of the company. During the day the excitement had been high, but three companies of militia are camped between the strikers and the negroes.

FOUR THOUSAND IDLE.

Lorillard's Big Tobacco Factory in Jersey City Shut Down.

NEW YORK, June 30.—P. Lorillard & Co.'s big tobacco factory in Jersey City shut down and 4,000 hands are out of employment. Some of the employes say the lockout is due to a strike in one of the departments. The members of the firm deny that there is any strike and declare that the factory is closed for the purpose of taking the semi-annual account of stock. Dr. Leonard J. Gordon, the chemist of the factory, told a reporter that several boys in the dipping department had begun a small-sized strike, but it had nothing whatever to do with the closing of the factory. The small-sized strike took place last week Monday. Twelve boys employed in the dipping department asked for an advance of 50 cents a week in their wages. The demand was refused, and the boys quit work.

Struck the Second Time.

A number of Poles were put to work in the places of the strikers, but they did not give satisfaction and the boys were taken back and their demands acceded to. The Poles were kept at work with the boys. This resulted in another strike. The boys would not work with Poles, and when the firm refused to discharge them the lads went out. They are still out. The tobacco, before it can be used in the other departments, must first pass through the dipping room. Several departments, in consequence of the strike of the "dippers," had to be shut down. The fear of a general strike is said to be the reason for the closing of the factory and the taking of stock.

Will Throw 300 Out of Work.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., June 30.—The McLean County Coal company, which holds the Bloomington trade exclusively and gives employment to 300 persons, will cease operations July 1 for an indefinite period. This step is taken because of the new law which goes into effect on that date and which provides that all coal shall be weighed before it is screened.

The Majority Remained Out.

PHILADELPHIA, June 30.—Dobson's plush mills were started up Tuesday and fifty-eight weavers resumed work. The number returning to work is small when compared with the 468 weavers who went out. Others, however, are expected to return to work soon. The strikers held a meeting and resolved to remain out until their original object is secured.

Suspended Operations.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., June 30.—The Huntingdon Manufacturing company, controlled by the Iron Car Equipment company of New York, has indefinitely suspended operations. Three hundred men are thrown out of employment. It is rumored that the plant will be removed to Tennessee.

A Murderer Safe for Three Years.

TRENTON, N. J., June 30.—Edward A. Hallinger, colored Jersey City murderer sentenced to be hanged was denied a writ of habeas corpus in the United State district court Monday. His counsel will at once appeal to the supreme court of the United States. This acts as a stay of execution, and the case may not be decided for three years.

Kaiser William's Scheme.

BERLIN, June 30.—The kaiser has on foot a scheme to send into Alsace-Lorraine a strong German element by inducing wealthy Germans to buy large estates offered for sale in the provinces and settle them with German tenants.

SAD AFFLICTION.

A Teacher in the Grand Rapids City Schools Goes Insane.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 29.—Miss Minnie Webster, for two years past a teacher in the city schools, is an inmate of St. Mark's home for safe keeping and treatment. For a week she has been showing evidences of mental derangement. Sunday night the symptoms became so pronounced that she had to be cared for. She dressed herself in what she called her wedding gown with white kid gloves and a long veil, with roses at her corsage. She paced rapidly back and forth in the hall of her boarding house and every five minutes ran to the telephone and frantically rang the bell.

An Affair of the Heart.

She called for Colonel M. A. Aldrich, managing editor of The Democrat, late of Milwaukee, and talked at the top of her voice in a manner that indicated that her trouble arose in part from an affair of the heart. She became so noisy that it was necessary to call a policeman. She was then removed to St. Mark's home, where is resting quietly. Her friends attribute her troubles to financial perplexities and overwork.

TRIED TO LYNCH HIM.

Unpleasant Experience of a Young Man of Allegan, Mich.

ALLEGAN, Mich., June 29.—A queer story of love and attemptem murder has come to light here. Harry Tooker, a promising young man, escorted Miss Hattie White home from the night meeting, and was on his way home when three men sprang upon him. One tried to put a rope around his neck, but Tooker drew his revolver and fired. The report had not died away when two revolvers flashed and Tooker felt one bullet sink into his left arm, while another plowed a furrow along the side of his head. The shooting drew a neighbor and Tooker was taken home. He has received a letter since in which the writer stated that the assailants had intended to hang him and would do it yet. Tooker's rival is suspected of being the guilty party.

The Storm in Iowa.

CHEROKEE, Ia., June 29.—Five hundred people are rendered homeless and destitute in this town by the flood. The resources of the citizens have been taxed to the utmost to meet the present requirements of these people. Outside aid must be given to avert untold hardship, and Mayor D. H. Bloom has issued an appeal to the public for such and has telegraphed to the governor for 100 tents in which to shelter those who have not found accommodation in the homes of the citizens, which are crowded to the utmost. Contributions may be sent to Mayor Bloom, who will acknowledge the receipt and place it in the hands of a responsible executive committee which has been appointed to distribute aid.

Costly Blaze in St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 29.—Fire was discovered in the third story of the Nicholson's warehouse and grocery a few minutes before 4 o'clock Monday morning. About 4:15 the north wall began to totter and suddenly the west end of it fell, crashing into several one-story buildings. In the Ivy house and the LaClede hotel for a time the guests ran at large in their night clothes. The heaviest loser in the fire was David Nicholson, stock valued at $250,000; insurance, $175,000. The building owned by the Nicholson estate was damaged to the extent of $25,000. The other losers were: Charles Humes & Co., hardware, stock damaged by water, $6,000; C. Bockelbrink, a gas dealer, $8,000.

Farm of 112,000 Acres.

NEW YORK, June 29.—A company has just been organized with a capital of $1,000,000 for cultivating a farm of 112,000 acres in Florida. This will be the largest farm in the world, and upon it enough could be raised to susply the city of New York with food. The name of the company is the San Sebastian Land Improvement, Sugar, and Investment company. The farm lies between the Indian, San Sebastian, and St. John's rivers, and is drained into the St. John's. The farm has a muck soil, similar to that in the valley of the Nile.

Indian Troubles Exaggerated.

DENVER, June 29.—An Albuquerque, N. M., special says that the reports of the Indian trouble are greatly exaggerated. One of the paymasters returned from the Navajo reservation a few days ago and says that it is customary for the Indians at this season of the year to collect in bands and paint themselves and indulge in the weird dance. A few settlers near the reservation, unacquainted with the habits of the Indians, became timid and made exaggerated reports of trouble, but none is anticipated.

Poisoned by Tin-Foil.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., June 29.—A wholesale case of poisoning occurred at Pulaski, this county, that may prove fatal to several young men. In the afternoon a baseball nine from Youngstown, O., beat the local team by a score of 10 to 6, and the two clubs went to a hotel to get supper. An hour after several of the home team were taken seriously ill, and the lives of two are despaired of. Several of the Youngstown players are also in a critical condition. It is supposed that tin-foil around the dried beef eaten caused the poisoning.

The Deadly Crossed Wire.

DES MOINES, June 29.—W. Bennett, a railroad brakeman, was instantly killed here Snuday by electricity. While passing through an alley he touched a guy wire which was crossed with an electric light wire and received the full charge of an alternating current. He leaves a wife and two children.

Kilrain and Woods Matched.

NEW YORK, June 29.—Jake Kilrain has been matched to fight Billy Woods, of Denver for $3,000 a side. The fight will take place at Denver July 21. Kilrain has almost entirely recovered from the effects of the frightful punishment he received in his recent fight with Slavin, and will begin at once.

Minister Clark Is Dead.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—The state department has received a dispatch confirming the report announcing the death of Alexandria Clark, United States minister to Diberia. His remains will probably be brought to the United States for interment by the first steamer coming this way.

Made an Assignment.

RED WING, Minn., June 29.—The milling firm of R. Gregg & Co. at Cannon Falls has made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. The assets amount to $63,162, and the liabilities foot up nearly $159,000.

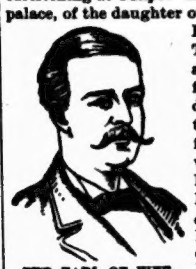
OLD WORLD MELANGE.

Cable Notes Which Interest the People Over Here.

CHRISTENING AT CHAPEL ROYAL.

Queen Victoria Stands Sponsor for the Child of the Duke and Duchess of Fife —Some of the Noted Nobility Who Were Present at the Ceremony—A Warrant Issued for the Arrest of De Cobain—Germany vs. America.

LONDON, June 29.—Her majesty, Queen Victoria, accompanied by a number of members of the royal family, attended the christening at Chapel Royal, St. James palace, of the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The queen acted as chief sponsor for her granddaughter. Among those of the royal family present were the Queen of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales, and the Duke of Clarence eldest son of the Prince of Wales. The water which was used in the ceremony was brought from the river Jordan. The archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London, dean of the royal chapel, officiated. The title of the baby will be Lady Alexandra Victoria Duff, the latter being the family name of her father, the Duke of Fife.



THE EARL OF FIFE.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Warrant for De Cobain.

LONDON, June 29.—A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Mr. Edward De Cobain, member of parliament for East Belfast, and deputy grandmaster of the Orange institution in Ireland. Mr. De Cobain is charged with immoral practices. In reply to an appeal from his friends that he return from Spain, where he was said to be, and confront his accusers, Mr. De Cobain recently wrote: "I do not feel that the Lord points out to me as the path of my duty that I should meet my accusers and imperil my life and liberty by swearing against a large number of perjured ruffians. God's guidance does not require that I should make such a sacrifice."

Cannon Beats the German.

BERLIN, June 29.—In a Græco-Roman contest here Tom Cannon, the American wrestler, easily vanquished the German, Rhinow. The struggled lasted only five minutes, to the great chagrin of the Germans present. Crystol, the French athlete, proved a tougher opponent, but after an exciting struggle of thirteen minutes Cannon was again victorious. Cannon maintains that he was not defeated by Abs, who, he says, merely remained on the defensive. He has issued a challenge for another trial, but it is unlikely that Abs will respond.

Persecution of the Jews.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 29.—The populace attacked and looted the Jewish booths in Scherwiefka, near Odessa, and maltreated the occupants, who fled to their homes, which they barricaded. As a result of their attacks an edict has been issued threatening a declaration of martial law for excesses again the Jews.

The Kaiser at Hamburg.

HAMBURG, June 29.—The emperor and empress of Germany, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia and the Princess Irene, his wife, arrived here Monday. The imperial party were received on their arrival by Count Von Waldersee and the municipal and military authorities.

News of Emin Pasha.

BERLIN, June 29.—Advices received here srom Emin Pasha are to the effect that he is traveling in the direction of the Albert Edward Nyanza, whence he will proceed on a scientific expedition to the Mountains of the Moon.

Philipsen Must Die.

COPENHAGEN, June 29.—The court of appeals has confimed the sentence of death passed upon Philipsen, who murdered a clerk named Myer and shipped his body in a casket of lime to New York.

Costly Blaze in New York.

NEW YORK, June 29.—A fire which originated in the attic of the Seventy-first Regiment armory spread rapidly and almost entirely destroyed the structure. The building occupied the entire square, bounded by Forty-fourth street, Forty-fifth street, Seventh avenue and Broadway. The upper floor was the armory and there were numerous stores on the ground floor. A number of rifles were burned. The total loss is about $300,000; insurance, $100,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Increase in Circulation.

NEW YORK, June 30.—In an interview at Washington with a reporter of The Evening Post, Director Leech, of the mint, said yesterday that the increase of circulating medium during the next few months, as the result of the coinage policy now pursued, would be $114,000,000.

Two Persons Drowned.

OTTAWA, Ills., June 30.—Charles Fox and Daniel Yentz were drowned while bathing in the Fox river, eight miles northeast of here. Yents in wading about in the shallow water went down. His companion hastened to his assistance and, falling into the same hole, both were drowned.

Run Down by a Train.

FORT WORTH, Tex., June 30.—As the northbound Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger train was leaving the city it ran into a wagon and team at the Weatherford street crossing. Five persons were injured and the team killed. None of the injured people are in a serious condition.

Andrews Spoken at Sea.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., June 30.—The dory Mermaid, Captain Andrews, was spoken on June 25 by the schooner Della W. Tarr of this city sixty-three miles off Highland light. Captain Andrews reported that he was very tired, having had no sleep for thirty-six hours.

Gladstone Takes a Walk.

LONDON, June 30.—Mr. Gladstone is able to take a short walk on the grounds of his country seat at Lowestoft.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Alarmed by recent Wesleyan discussions on inspiration and Sabbath keeping, Mr. Spurgeon, with a number of other ministers, has signed a manifesto declaring for thorough Calvinism and accepting both testaments of the word of God, saying that the two must stand or fall together.

A tornado in south Kentucky destroyed about fifty farm houses and did great damage to crops.

Indications point to the closing down of the tin-plate plants in Wales, thus throwing 25,000 men out of employment.

At Washington, Pa., John McKeown, Walter Jones and John Chanlis, boys from 8 to 13 years old, were drowned while bathing, the two former in trying to save the latter. Young McKeown was the son of the late millionaire oil king, John McKeown.

At Madison, Wis., Mrs. Catherine Longmeir was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for obtaining a pension fraudulently.

A tramp while attempting to board a train at Elkhorn, Wis., had his left leg cut off.

The first regimental monument erected by Union soldiers on a southern battle field was dedicated at Aldie, Loudoun county, Va., by the First Massachusetts cavalry on the 17th inst.

Mr. Gladstone has suffered another relapse, and his physician has ordered a complete rest for several days.

At Elkhorn, Wis., Jerry Kaller, a boy 13 years old, was shot and killed while out hunting.

In the London market Monday, domestic and foreign wheats were 1s and 6d lower. A decline in flour is also noted, but the prices of corn were maintained.

The recent English census gives the population of Liverpool at 518,000. The census of 1881 gave that city 552,508. This shows a decline of 6.2 per cent., but the reason therefor is not given.

A snake 19 ft. 7 in. in length was killed in the act of carrying off a small pig near Gladwin, Mich. He stole several before he was caught.

The playing of baccarat has increased since the extensive advertisement of the game.

At Griffin, Ga., a king snake was seen to swallow a green snake several inches longer than its own body.

Captain Pratt of the Carlisle (Pa.) Indian school has been trying to induce young Sioux Indians to join the regular army.

For the first time in twenty-five years no one was sentenced to receive lashes at the recently ended term of the Kent county, Del., court.

Action has been taken at New York to place the Metropolitan Watch company in the hands of a receiver under a mortgage of $100,000.

The south will shortly supply the country's lumber demand. There are 3,500 sawmills running there already.

A turkey flew through a plate glass window five-eighths of an inch thick at Mansfield, O., but was not injured.

A letter carrier at Wheeling successfully delivered a letter to a man with the name of George Schwifferwitzerenontherheim.

The Prince of Wales' life is insured for $800,000.

Pennsylvania coal sells in Italy cheaper than Welsh coal.

A boat struck and killed a large whale in the Atlantic ocean a few days ago.

Wolves have killed a large number of sheep in Webster county, W. Va, and the county court offers $50 each for wolf scalps, to which a citizens' committee will add $10.

An unknown woman, supposed to be insane, jumped into the lake at Washburn, Minn. She was pulled out by an elevator inspector.

G. W. Stranahan, the tailor who ran away from Atchison, Kan., a few weeks ago, taking with him a certificate of deposit for $1,000 belong to his wife, was arrested at Salt Lake.

The French senate has rejected by a vote of 185 to 40 the bill passed by the chamber of deputies entending the privileges of trades unions.

There are thirty-two dangerous cases of trichinosis at Marktredwitz, Bavaria. The seller of the diseased pork which caused the illness has been arrested.

Baron Job Manteuffel, son and heir of the late well known field marshal, has been convicted in Berlin of selling a forest which was already mortgaged to the crown, and thereby swindling a Hebrew firm of Bresleau out of 90,000 marks

Mrs. Jefferson Davis has been formally asked by a special committee representing the city of Richmond to allow the remains of her husband to be removed to that city.

At Tiffin, O., John Swartzbaugh, an engineer, was killed by a blow on the head from a shovel thrown by Irving Harris, aged 18 years, in a quarrel at Hall's brick yard.

Two colored boys quarreled in Kansas City over the respective merits of Sullivan and Slavin. Sullivan's advocate killed the other with a club.

The grand prize of $50,000 in the Panama lottery was won by the cashier of the Cafe de la Paix, Paris, the favorite resort of the Parisian men of letters.

Congressman Belden, a New York Republican, who is consulted in the harmonizing of that state's factions, pronounces Depew New York's McKinley, and hopes the popular choice will name him for the governorship.

Governor Fifer, of Illinois, has accepted the resignation of Joseph W. Vance as adjutant general, and appointed to succeed him Brigadier General Jasper N. Reece, of Springfield, commander of the second brigade, I. N. G.

After reducing the appropriation from $125,000 to $100,000, the Michigan senate Thursday passed the World's fair bill.

John Roork, a railroad agent of the Frisco line at Aurora, Mo., tried to put a tramp off the train. The man resisted, and Roork struck him a blow behind the ear, breaking his neck, and killing him instantly.

A lad in the employ of a Britisher, while crossing London bridge, found a small leather bag containing £30,000 in bank notes. The boy placed the property in his employer's hands to be restored to the rightful owner.

The body of a well dressed man who had been dead for a month was found in a cabin twenty miles from Denver. He drank carbolic acid.

Professor William S. Tyler has taught Greek at Amherst college for fifty-five years.

Thomas, Connors, a miner in the Pewabic mine, Calumet, Mich., was struck by a rock and fell to the bottom of the shaft, a depth of 500 feet.

The body of an unknown man was found floating in the river at Saginaw, Mich. He was heavy set, about 50 years old, slightly bald and had a light mustache.

Grace Palmer was killed by a gasoline explosion at Joliet, Ills.

Jesse Williams, a noted thief, who has operated in Chicago and Indiana, has been sentenced to ten years in the Michigan state prison for burglary.

At Middleton, N. Y., two lovers named Herman Hornlein and Josie Gibbons, to prove their devotion to each other, drank a dose of "rough on rats." Herman is dead but the girl will recover.

Max O'Rell will make a tour of the United States in October next.

Mrs. Eliza Vance, of Fort Dodge, Ia., wandered away from home while insane, and was struck by an Illinois Central train and killed.

The architectural iron workers' strike at Chicago is at a stand-still. The men and bosses have not yet come together, nor have any opposing gangs of workmen.

The international postal congress has decided that the next congress shall be held in Washington.

A dispatch from Broussa, Asia Minor, says that a band of brigands has carried off two of the wealthiest residents of that place. Gendarmes have been sent in pursuit of the outlaws.

Pink eye is prevailing among horses at Vandalia, Ills., to an alarming extent. Several valuable horses have died within the last week and others are seriously affected.

Lightning followed a line of gilt down the wall paper in a Methodist church at Belpre, Pa., and burned off only the flashy figures.

Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Jr., of Governor Hill's staff, has three thoroughbred St. Bernard dogs, for which he paid $14,000.

Mrs. Robert Beatty, of Smithton, Mo., fell from a stepladder while picking cherries and was killed.

After reducing the appropriation from $125,000 to $100,000, the Michigan senate passed the World's fair bill.

Six children, while playing on a raft at West Superior, Wis., were carried out into the lake. A heavy sea threatened them with death, but all were finally rescued.

An electric wire in Pittsburg parting, fell to the ground and within two inches of a pedestrian, who, though not touched by the wire, received a rather severe shock.

S. M. Dean and L. R. Grutger were killed in a collision between freight trains at Jefferson, Tex.

The Patterson Coal company's breaker near Ashland, Pa., was blown over and five men were killed.

A Pomona, Cal., woman has devised a process for drying rose leaves so as to retain their fragrance, and has secured a market for all she can prepare with a New York firm.

Zinc works are to be established at Dubuque, Ia., by a company with $1,000,000 capital.

Mrs. G. F. Haney and Mrs. A. M. Tatro, while crossing a trestle at Grafton, Neb., were struck by a train and killed.

Germany's production of silver in 1890 was 770,000 pounds, about 9 per cent. of the world's product.

Thomas Harris, colored, was hanged inside the parish jail at Shreveport, La., for the murder of Ella Franklin, his mistress, who was killed on Texas avenue Friday night, May 12.

While two children of Captain Broscheit were playing on a raft at Bohnsack, Germany, they fell into the water. A third child came to their assistance, and struggled to rescue them, but in vain. The result of his prolonged efforts was that all three lost their lives.

Heavy thunderstorms are reported throughout England and Ireland. Much damage was caused by floods, and several houses were burned or shattered by lightning.

A fire in the government arsenal at Pola, Austria, caused two workmen to lose their lives. The flames were extinguished before the building was destroyed.

Emperor William of Germany has ordered that a reduction of hours of work be made in the Spandau government arsenals and workshops. This step is taken in preference to dismissing 1,000 workmen, as otherwise would be necessary on account of the slackness of work at present.

In eastern New Mexico nearly six hundred thousand acres of fruit and farm lands have been reclaimed by the construction of storage reservoirs and irrigating canals during the past two years.

The Massachusetts supreme court has decided that the Jewett Publishing company of Boston is not responsible for the losses caused by the forgeries and fraudulent issues of its shares by its absconding president, C. F. Jewett.

Citizen George Francis Train arrived at Brindisi Sunday morning on the steamer Massilia and left by the Indian mail at 4:30 for Calais.

Five Apaches in the Canane mountains shot a Chinaman four times and left him for dead. He was brought to Tombstone by friends. No pursuit was made.

The sixth annual reunion of Crocker's Iowa brigade will be held at Des Moines Sept. 23 and 24. All soldiers who have at any time served in the Iowa brigade—composed of the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Iowa Infantry volunteers—are entitled to membership.

White Oak mine No. 2 at Marissa, Ills., operated by the Consolidated Oil company, caved in Sunday. No lives were lost. The loss is about $25,000.

Lee Hepburn, 10 years old, living near Wichita, Kan., was killed by a pitchfork thrown carelessly to the ground from the stack under the shade of which the boy was sitting. The tines pierced his skull.

Jack Reed, one of Iowa's most notorious crooks, died at the poorhouse at Eldora and was buried in the potter's field Sunday.

Allen W. Swan is traveling from New Bedford, Mass., to California on a bicycle. He is due in San Francisco Sept. 16, and one week later he is to marry an heiress.

Cries of murder brought a large crowd and several policemen to a neighborhood in Reading, Pa., last week, when it was discovered that the only cause for the alarm was the fright of a little girl at seeing a mouse.

San Francisco has 4,500 saloons or places where liquor is sold at retail. If the population of the city is 330,000, there is one saloon to every three persons. If the voting population is 50,000, there is a saloon for every 11½ votes.

San Francisco was shaken by a slight earthquake shock Sunday, but no harm was done.

Slavin, who has arrived at Queenstown, says that he will do his utmost to bring a fight between himself and Sullivan, for any amount and anywhere. He will then retire from the ring satisfied.

1891			JULY.			1891
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

BLOWN INTO ETERNITY.

Four Men Killed by the Explosion of a Locomotive Boiler.

WHITE HAVEN, Pa., June 30.—The boiler of shifting engine, No. 235, on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, exploded near Nesquehoning Junction. Engineer Thomas Trip, Mauch Chunk; Fireman J. Pope, Linsford; Brakemen Gallagher and Smith of Mauch Chunk were instantly killed. The body of Engineer Trip was crushed and bruised in a terrible manner and was found 100 yards from where the explosion occurred.

The Fireman's Body Not To Be Found.

The brakemen were blown in an opposite direction, and it is evident from the wounds they received that they were killed instantly. No trace of Fireman Pope's body has yet been found, and it is thought he was blown to atoms. The locomotive was totally wrecked, the boiler being blown 300 feet up the mountain side. There was some defect in the water pipes. As the engine reached Nesquehoning the fire underneath the boiler was drying out and vapor was noticed issuing from the fire box. Fireman Pope had just descended from the cab for the purpose of examining the boiler when the explosion occurred.

Insurance Company in Trouble.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 30.—The Flour City Life association, an assessment life assurance company organized in 1887, is said to be in trouble. It is reported that three of its officials have been indicted. They are president C. F. Underhill, Secretary William P. Chase and Adjuster James McCargo. McCargo is understood to be charged with larceny, and the others as accessories. President Underhill is also vice president of the Life Union association of New York city, a concern closely connected with the Flour City. The state superintendent of insurance is investigating the alleged fraudulent methods of the association.

Osborn Bought Some Cartridges.

COLUMBUS, O., June 30.—In the Elliott murder case Monday the deposition of Chas. Kraft, of Salt Lake City, was read. It was to the effect that two hours before the fatal meeting Osborn gave his "gun" to Robert Wolfe and sent him to a hardware store to purchase cartridges for it. Harry Larimore, the hardware clerk, testified that an unknown man (supposed to be Wolfe) bought cartridges of him about the time that Kraft saw him depart from Osborn at The World office and go in the direction of that store. John Lanahan swore to the alleged pistol practice of Osborn the day before the murder.

Murder and Suicide.

LAWRENCE, Mass., June 30.—Maria Burcket, aged 18, was shot and killed by John Rausch, aged 24, who had been paying attention to her for some time and was jealous. Rausch immediately afterward put a bullet through his own head and fell dead. The tragedy occurred in front of the Everett mill, where the girl was employed. The couple had quarreled at her father's house Monday evening. Rausch called Maria out of the mill, and after a few words the shooting occurred. Both the parties were thoroughly respectable and well liked.

Been Robbing an Insurance Company.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., June 30.—M. T. Lowery, for some years a general agent of the New York Life Insurance company, was brought here Monday by a special agent of the company and lodged in jail. He was arrested in San Francisco, and is charged with obtaining large sums of money under false pretenses. Lowery while a resident of this city was a high roller, and spent hundreds of dollars in high living. He is well known in the insurance circles throughout the United States.

Tried to Swallow a Violin Bow.

COLUMBUS, O., June 30.—Patrick Mulroney, a juggler and sword swallower, injured himself fatally Sunday by trying to swallow a violin bow instead of using the long slender sword he was accustomed to. Twice he essayed to swallow the bow, but he failed each time on account of the intense pain caused by inserting it in the throat. Presently he began vomiting blood. He continued to suffer paroxysms of retching, losing at each spasm much blood, until Monday morning, when he died.

Collision on the Rail.

EFFINGHAM, Ills., June 30.—An extra eastbound passenger train on the Vandalia collided with a westbound local passenger twelve miles east of here. J. K. Lucas, engineer; Harry Hines and J. Dupree of San Antonia, Tex., and a mail-messenger named Larzey were badly injured, Lucas perhaps fatally.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 4, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Soudan."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Comedians.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Gallant 69th."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—Myrtle Ferns.

AMPHITHEATRE.
Cottage Grove avenue and Sixty-first street.—Pain's great spectacle, "A Night in Pekin"; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"CLONGARRY," City—William Smith O'Brien was born in 1803. So was the late O'Gorman Mahon.

"CON HOGAN," New Orleans—Terrence Bellew MacManus was never in your city. You must be thinking of Richard D'Alton Williams.

"M. F. P.," City—The term "Yankee" is of Indian origin, and Americans ought to be proud of it. The name was applied by the British to the Revolutionary patriots, South as well as North. Since the war of 1812, the name has been chiefly applied to natives of New England.

"OLD FRIEND," Washington, D.C.—The only surviving members of the council of the Irish Confederation of 1847-8 are Richard O'Gorman, of New York—who has no more Irish blood left in him than a turnip—Denny Lane, of Cork, and Charles Gavan Duffy, of God knows where.

"T. O'T.," Louisville—The Irish of O'Toole is O'Tuhill—pronounced O'Too-ill. Every man who bears the name of Toole or O'Toole should adopt the original form. All the Irish names have been disfigured by ignorant English translators.

"PATRIOT," Cincinnati.—The declaration of Independence was *made* by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia on July Fourth, 1776, but was signed by John Hancock only. It was read to the people by Charles Thompson, secretary of Congress, who was born near Maghera, county Derry, Ireland. Fifty-four delegates attached their names to the parchment copy of the original Declaration on Aug 2, 1776, and two others later on. The original documents may now be seen in the library of the State Department, at Washington.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

A HOWLING "SAXON" WOLF.

Whether an Englishman invades America with a sword or a Bible he is always an emissary in the interests of his ravenous country. The latest disseminator of English ideas in the United States is the self styled "Father" Ignatius, who has been lecturing in Chicago of late. The man is not a Catholic, yet he assumes a title which belongs of right, and by custom, to the priests of the Catholic church. The devil has long ago preempted the sulphuric title of the "Father of Lies." Otherwise "Father" Ignatius would not be a despicable candidate for the doubtful honor, if we are to take his sermon delivered on "Magnificent America" at Central Music Hall last Sunday evening as a specimen of his inventive powers. "Father" Ignatius is reported to have said on the occasion designated that "the Anglo Saxon race was the chosen people of God, and that in its conquering course it was fulfilling the prophecies that were spoken concerning the chosen people of Israel. He took as his text the eighth verse of the thirty second chapter of Deuteronomy and the eighth verse of the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah—verses embodying the prophecies concerning the future glory of God's people. Father Ignatius began by saying that if one prophecy be accepted all must be. He then showed the perfect fulfillment of many prophecies, and said that in the nature of things God's word as written in other places must in the future be perfected. In his argument as to the control of the world by the Anglo-Saxon, Father Ignatius quoted prophetic passages to the effect that the chosen and conquering people should be of one tongue, should absorb other peoples, and drive from their homes those who possessed the land which they sought. America and Australia, it was said, were kept unknown for ages for a purpose—namely: that God's people should become strong enough to possess them in defiance of others. The speaker said Spain and France tried to hold the new land of America and failed, because they were not those for whom God intended it. The Anglo Saxon race came and conquered the continent, and then the continent embraced the race. America, he said, was Anglo Saxon to the core, and it was Anglicizing, which was the same as Americanizing, all the people who came to its shores that they might become the 'one people for whom God set the bounds of the earth."

The alleged Anglo Saxon race is descended from a colony of obscure robbers who infested the shores of the North and Baltic Seas during the dark ages, and who are said to have conquered, but not exterminated, the Britons, a people of Celtic stock who had previously settled in England. The Saxons were subsequently subdued by the Danes, and many monarchs of Danish birth or descent occupied the English throne during many generations. The Saxon line of monarchs again obtained control in the eleventh century, and Harold, the last male representative of the royal line, perished at Hastings in 1066 in a vain attempt to repel the invasion of William of Normandy, who came at the head of a large body of mercenaries, chiefly Frenchmen of Celto-Roman race, to take possession of the Kingdom. The great Anglo-Saxon race—"the chosen people of God"—as Father Ignatius blasphemously calls them, lay down like curs and were trampled in the dust by the Norman hoof after William's victory. The Anglo Saxons did not make a single manly effort to throw off the French yoke after Hastings, but, on the contrary, went around with brass collars on their necks, bearing, like dogs of today, the names of their Norman masters upon them. From 1066 down to the extinction of the Plantagenet line of kings, in the person of Richard III, England was ruled by Frenchmen, and her court language was Norman French, or bastard Latin. When Edward III and Henry V laid claim to the throne of France, they did so as Frenchmen, and their French auxiliaries, of Maine, Normandy and Anjou, did much to win the victories of Poictiers, Crecy and Agincourt, but particularly the two first named, for which the modern history of "the chosen people" gives them very little, if any, credit.

The fact is "the chosen people" didn't amount to "a hill of beans" until the French took them in hand. The able Anjou monarchs—French to the core—hammered the stupid Saxons into shape, blended them with the brilliant Celts of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and, in a word, made men of them. Can Father Ignatius point to a single glorious achievement of the Anglo Saxons before the French made them their vassals? Whatever they are the French and the British and Irish Celts have made them, and now, like the young of the Cuckoo, hatched in the nest of more respectable and industrious birds, they seek to deprive the children of the race that nursed their borrowed greatness of the glory which should, in truth, belong to the able Lato-Celts and not to the plodding Anglo-Saxons.

The assumption by "Father" Ignatius that this country is mainly Anglo-Saxon is equally absurd. The descendants of the English are a minority of the American people, and the only mark of pre-eminence in this country to which the English can lay claim is the accidental spread of their language, which, by the way, borrows its most graceful phrases from the Greek, the Latin and the French. The English are, indeed, a race of cuckoos—the cuckoos of humanity. The Spaniards and Italians discovered America; the same races defined its continental boundaries. The French Jesuit missionaries, as well as the Spanish, were the brave pioneers of its civilization. The Dutch and the Portuguese were the founders of its commercial greatness, on both of its continents, and yet the English, having the high roads built for them, as it were, came in last and claim all the credit! It is the trick of impostors and adventurers, which the "Anglo Saxon" English are to the marrow.

This masquerading "Father" Ignatius, calling himself a priest, and addressing both the Christian and the Jewish people of this city, has the hardihood to champion the robberies of his countrymen—the driving of people from the lands in which they were born, and which God gave them for their use and benefit, because, quoth he, they are "the chosen and the conquering people." Out upon the Saxon *beddagh*! This, surely, is a queer method of preaching the gentle doctrine of Christ, and him crucified.

If the Anglo Saxon hog wants a field all to himself, he will be compelled to root in other pastures. There are 20,000,000 people of the Irish race—driven from their cradle land by "Father" Ignatius' "chosen people"—in this country already, and more will follow. The Os and the Macs are increasing and multiplying, strongly reinforced by Hans, Carl, Ole, Jean, Giovanni, Stanislaus, Juan and Carlos. They are coming "like clouds at eventide," and the Hodges and Podges of the "Anglo Saxon" race will soon be absorbed by the noble blood of their superiors in every human attribute. "Father" Ignatius is merely an English egotist, hanging by sickly Protestant brambles on the bank of the deep stream of Catholic faith, but afraid to take the plunge.

REBUKING OFFENSIVE FOREIGNISM.

The leading prelates of the Catholic church in America are taking a brave stand against the propagation of foreignism in this country by means of European bishops and priests, proposed to be sent here from Europe by the Vatican to minister to the wants of such foreigners as do not understand the American language, commonly called English. THE CITIZEN has no love for the English tongue, although it is compelled to use it, and hopes the day may come when America will develop a national language of her own, broader, richer and grander than that which serves her present needs. But, until that day comes, we must fain be content with the language of a majority of the people of this country, although we do not believe in the idea of coercing any portion of the American people into the adoption of English. Their public and private necessities will compel all immigrants and the children of immigrants, to learn the national idiom without compulsion. Russia attempted to force her tongue on Poland. What is the result? Every Pole worthy of the name speaks and reads the language of his country, and curses Russia in his native tongue. France won the hearts of the semi-German province of Alsace-Lorraine by not interfering with the language any more than with the customs of the people. What is the result in her case? Alsace-Lorraine would fight and bleed for her to the very last man and woman, if war should come between Germany and Gaul tomorrow. Meddlesomeness is the curse of statesmanship, and in not being petty or meddlesome, France has been wise. Here is what Cardinal Gibbons has to say on the question of foreignizing certain Catholic populations of this country:

"I venture to say that the hierarchy of no country in the world is paying more attention to the spiritual wants of foreign born Catholic people than are the prelates of the United States. They are earnestly endeavoring to have the gospel preached to them in their native tongue during the transition period, which occurs before they are absorbed into the great English speaking world around them. The city of Paris has a large colony of German and English speaking Catholics; Vienna and Berlin have also large populations of French, English and other nationalities. The city of Rio, in Brazil, contains also a large population of Catholics who do not speak Portuguese, the language of the country, and yet in these great centers, if I am correctly informed, little or no provision is made for the foreign Catholic populations. With these facts before us, we cannot view without astonishment and indignation a number of self-constituted and officious gentlemen in Europe, complaining of the alleged inattention which is paid to the spiritual wants of the foreign population, and to the means of redress which they have thought proper to submit to the Holy See."

MR. PARNELL'S MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Mr. Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea occurred near London last week, and, as an American correspondent in London remarks, this act of the Irish leader must "satisfy the nonconformist conscience of England." We never knew before that England had a conscience of any kind—even a nonconformist one, but we keep on learning something every day we grow older. But how about the conscience of Ireland? Both Mr. Parnell and his wife are, and have been, Protestants, and they are not, therefore, bound or controlled by Catholic doctrine or discipline in the remotest degree. The lady's name was compromised, whether justly or otherwise, in connection with Mr. Parnell, and he has acted the part of a chivalrous man in making her all the reparation that lay within his power. As the Chicago *Tribune* manfully says, that part of the transaction is now closed and should be dropped. If Mr. Parnell were a Catholic, or if his wife were one, the case would be materially changed, because the Catholic church is stern in its resistance to absolute divorce, although it sometimes tolerates separation, where couples cannot live together in decency and harmony. Nobody questions the right of the church to enforce its laws in the matter of its own communicants, but there its jurisdiction ceases, although its censure, without authority, may not cease, as in the case Mr. and Mrs. Parnell. The Pope utterly refused to grant Henry VIII a divorce from Catharine of Arragon, and thus, in an honest cause, lost England to the church. It was an honorable loss, and made the Catholic church, if possible, more illustrious than before. Yet, there are, in history, cases where the Pope was coerced into the recognition, by passive consent, of the marriages of divorced people, who claimed to be Catholics. Jerome Bonaparte, who married Miss Patterson of Baltimore, and who subsequently, under his powerful and unscrupulous imperial brother's pressure, cast her aside and married a Catholic princess of Germany is a case in point. The fruit of the Patterson alliance—Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, Jr.—was set aside, and the children of the Princess of Wurtemburg were declared to be the legitimate offspring of "the little blackguard," as the Emperor lovingly called his youngest brother. From the Catholic standpoint today, Col. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, of Baltimore, grandson of Miss Patterson, is the legitimate heir to the imperial throne of France, if that ill-starred institution should ever be revived.

The great Napoleon himself furnishes still another example of where the church—the Pope being virtually a prisoner at the time—has been compelled to acquiesce, for state reasons, in proceedings of divorce. Napoleon put away his good and true wife, Josephine, because she bore him no heir—he never had a day's luck afterward—in 1810, and immediately "married" the Archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor Francis, of Austria—the religious part of the ceremony being performed in the grand salon of the Tuileries. Francis was one of the pillars of the church. He knew that Josephine was Bonaparte's lawful, wedded wife, and yet he consented to the alliance of his daughter with a married man, thus tolerating bigamy and adultery. But the Pope could do nothing except protest, and Napoleon paid no attention to any protest unbacked by cannons and bayonets.

Only a few years ago the present Pope granted, for reasons of state also, a special dispensation to the Duke of Aosta, brother of the King of Italy, to marry his own niece. THE CITIZEN does not question the Pope's right or authority to grant such a dispensation. He is responsible to God, of whom he is the vicegerent, for his actions, and it would be presumptuous, not to say heretical, in a mere layman to question his pontifical wisdom in religious matters. THE CITIZEN is not aware that the "nobles" or the people of Italy shunned the Duke of Aosta because he married his niece. The Duke is now dead, but his wife and heir survive him, and inherit his name and honors. Such things would look "mighty quare" in America or in Ireland, but they seem to be all right in Italy and elsewhere on the European continent. The Pope cannot help the eccentricities of some peoples.

One of the leading opponents of Mr. Parnell, in the McCarthy wing of the severed "Irish party," is a Catholic, and is wedded to a Protestant lady who had been previously married and divorced. Surely he has no right to kick about Parnell's marriage. Two other very prominent antagonists of Mr. Parnell in the same faction are married to very close blood relations—relations so close that a special dispensation had also to be obtained from Rome in their case, and so it goes all around.

Now, THE CITIZEN respectfully submits that if the Catholic Bonapartes could put away their Catholic wives, and marry other Catholic women, who were, for state reasons, subsequently recognized as legitimate queens and empresses by the church; if the Duke of Aosta was permitted to make an excessively extraordinary marriage with his niece; if Mr. Parnell's leading opponents have also drawn largely on the indulgence of the church in matters matrimonial, surely the marriage of Mr. Parnell, a bachelor at the date of the ceremony, and a Protestant to boot, to Mrs. Katherine Wood O'Shea, a legally divorced Protestant woman, should not cause a moral revulsion among Catholics in America, Ireland or elsewhere, but the contrary. If Mr. Parnell, oppressed by the weakness of the flesh, as many other great men have been, who repented and were forgiven, committed a grave moral wrong, he has atoned for it, in as far as such a wrong can be atoned for, in a manly manner. He did not, like some of his persecutors, act the part of a coward. He did not, like that darling of the king worshipping English heart, the Prince of Wales, in the horrible Mordaunt divorce case, "perjure himself like a gentleman," as the Paris *Figaro* put it. In a word, Mr. Parnell erred like an ordinary mortal, and atoned like a man of feeling and of principle. The atonement, if sufficient for England whom he has fought, should certainly be sufficient for Ireland whom he has championed.

MORE IGNATIUSISM.

Among other strange nonsense spoken by "Father Ignatius" at Central Music Hall on Sunday, he prophesied the absorption by the United States of the entire New World, as one of the certainties of the future. "There are upon the air," he concluded, "the sounds of approaching glory, and before us we see the signs of the golden age of Anglo Saxon dominion, when liberty and humanity shall reign." The United states doesn't want "the entire New World"; it's too big, but we want its trade, and we are going to have it, too, in spite of "Father" Ignatius' greedy countrymen. As for Anglo-Saxon dominion, its fruits are seen in Ireland, in the loss of nearly fifty per cent. of its inhabitants—not reckoning the natural increase of population at all—in less than fifty years. It is also seen in the famines that have swept India, as well as Ireland, and in the poverty that preys on the vitals of the Hindoo as well as upon those of the Irishman. Anglo-Saxonry stinketh, even as a rotten codfish, in the nostrils of outraged humanity.

GENERAL KERWIN'S VIEWS.

The New York *Tablet*, edited by Gen. M. Kerwin, an old and consistent Irish Nationalist and believer in revolutionary methods of righting the wrongs of Ireland, published a remarkably able editorial on the existing Irish situation in its issue of June 27. In dealing with the recent manifesto of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the *Tablet* says:

Will Dr. Emmet & Co. inform the public to whom they appeal for money wherewith to aid the combined forces of the Irish parliamentary agitators and the British Philistines, what benefit Ireland would derive from it? That preliminary question should be answered before taking any note of their appeal. If Ireland were today possessed of the measure of Home Rule that the Gladstonites declare themselves willing to grant, would she be in any better condition than she now is? We emphatically assert that she would be in a much worse condition. She would in the next decade lose proportionately as many of her population as she has during the past decade, for the causes of that depletion would still exist. These causes are two—the infamous land system of Ireland, and the impossibility of restoring Irish industries, without the power of enacting a tariff to protect them. And Gladstone's promised Home Rule measure will concede neither of these. Of what value is it then? Nay, it is worse than valueless, for it will commit the Irish people to an agreement with England on unequal terms, and will, by implication, be an acquiescence in Ireland's provincial condition. These are considerations that doubtless did not suggest themselves to the distinguished gentlemen who drew up the programme of the National Federation of America, but which the Irish in America will consider much more pertinent than the vituperative abuse of Mr. Parnell which that document contains.

What Gen. Kerwin says to his readers in the foregoing quotation is exactly what Parnell has been saying to the whole Irish people during several months. It is what THE CITIZEN has been saying to them for several years. Gladstone and his friends have hoodwinked Ireland, and the greatest fault we have to find with Mr. Parnell's otherwise admirable public career, is that he permitted himself to be humbugged for four years by the Grand Old Spider, who, like all Englishmen, has a string to every measure proposed or enacted for the alleged benefit of Ireland.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled
In patient hope to bide,
By dreams of English "justice" fooled,
And English tongues that lied!

These lines were written in O'Connell's time, and their application is just as good today. The *Tablet* says, also, that the Irish people both at home and here are growing sick of agitation and agitators. Well, then, friend *Tablet*, advance your banners, and let us try and do something more effective.

THE CITIZEN is much gratified to notice the very large proportion of Irish-American names in the lists published of public school graduates in this city. The girls, by the way, seem to lead the boys in this matter, but the lads made a very fine showing also.

CHRISTOPHER MANUS O'KEEFE, one of the original Fenians, and an uncompromising patriot to the last, died, after a lingering illness, in New York last week. Mr. O'Keefe died poor but highly honored by all who knew him.

SAID Mr. Spark, of England, who accompanied a Greek called Prince George from Japan to Chicago, to a reporter the other day: "Deah me! Youah Awmewican wepowtahs are dweadful, ye know. One of them in San Fwancisco said that Pwince Geowge kept company all the way ovah with the ship's *clark*, ye know. How vulgah! A pwince make an intimate of a ship's *clark!* The Pwince feels gweatly annoyed ovah it, ye know. Is there no law of libel in this countwy? Bless me soul, I think the Pwince will have to consult a lawyah!"

JOHN BULL to the Irish—"Keep moving. The world is wide, and I want your room, not your company."

IRELAND is surely bleeding to death. Parnell has bandaged her wounds, but Tim Healy insists on tearing off the bandages.

"WHAT is the matter with Ireland?" the American papers innocently inquire. It is a case of English cholera, we answer.

IF England tried the same kind of game on Americans that she practises upon the Irish—if Ireland were inhabited by Americans, we will suppose—Dublin Castle would be floating around as "cosmic dust" before a week.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

Miss Juanita Johnstone, niece of Mr. O'Neill Ryan, a distinguished lawyer of St. Louis, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Corkery, at their residence, No. 3625 Hanover street, this city.

The Hibernian Rifles expect a great turnout at their annual picnic in Ogden Grove this day—Saturday, July Fourth. This organization deserves to be well sustained by the Irish American people.

The Clan na Gael Guards and their friends will trip the light fantastic at Oswald's Park, Halsted and Fifty-second streets today (Saturday, July Fourth). A very large attendance is expected. The entertainments of the Guards have always been highly successful.

Mr. Daniel Corkery, one of the leading business men of this city, will sail from New York for Europe per the steamer Etruria on the 11th inst. He will be absent until September, and intends to visit Great Britain, Ireland and the continent of Europe. Mr. Corkery expects to join the Rev. Dr. T. J. Butler, of St. John's church in Dublin sometime this month, and they will make the journey to Rome together. THE CITIZEN sends its best wishes with Mr. Corkery across the Atlantic.

"Excuse me, George, but when I saw you a year ago, your face was covered with pimples; it seems to be all right now." "Yes, sir; that's because I stuck to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the greatest blood medicine in the world. I was never so well in my life as I am now."

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Philip Callan, formerly member of parliament for Louth, intends to come forward at the next election for North Louth, and his eldest son, P. McDonnell Callan, for South Louth.

On May 29 Jeremiah Slattery, T.C., of Tralee, was evicted from a farm which he had held for the past fourteen years from Col. Denny, in Churchill. Mr. Slattery tendered his rent, as usual, but it would not be accepted.

James Riordan, who had for a considerable time been in custody, charged with the murder of Cornelius Hinckle, in June, 1889, and who has been frequently remanded, was again brought up in Tralee, on the 3d ult., and discharged.

On June 2 a farmer named James Somers, from Clashavern, aged 40 years, died suddenly in Carrick-on-Suir.

John Kelly, Main street, Tipperary, a cousin of Daniel Kelly, the popular secretary of the Tipperary, I.N.F., was released from Clonmel jail on May 29, after undergoing an outrageous term of imprisonment imposed on him by the removables for an alleged assault on the redoubtable Acting Sergeant Stacy.

A destructive fire took place at Lismore on the night of May 29, by which a large dwelling house was destroyed. The house was situated at Mayfield, about a quarter of a mile from the town. For some time past the house had been untenanted. The floor of every room was found to have been saturated with paraffin oil.

At Tralee, on June 3, Philip and Thade Shea, brothers, John Gurnett, John Griffin, Thomas Collins and Martin Connor, who have been in custody for the past couple of months, on a charge of having on the 31st of March last raided the house of Pierce Godley, of Ballyronan, and carried off his gun, were again brought up on remand. On the suggestion of the crown counsel, the two Sheas, Gurnett and Griffin were admitted to bail, Collins and Connor were detained in custody as they are also charged with attacking the house of Mahony, of Killahan, and firing at him and Constables O'Connor and Robinson, with intent to kill, on the 30th of November last.

The total number of voters on the register for the county Carlow is 7,007, contained in the polling districts as follows:

Carlow	1,560
Bagnalstown	1,238
Borris	1,255
Clonegal	316
Rathvilly	418
Tullow	1,101
Fenagh	106
Hacketstown	524
Myshall	409
Total	7,007

Of this number there are upwards of 1,000 Conservative voters, but how the Tory party will vote, if at all, is not yet ascertained.

A splendid meeting of the Nationalists of Roscommon took place at Ballygar on June 14.

The farmer Frawley, who was shot in the legs by moonlighters in his house, near Milltown Malbay, county Clare, died of his injuries.

The favorite instrument in the "Bantry Band" is the mouth organ. The music is horrible.

The Rev. J. Doherty, Adm., Carndonagh, was recently presented with an address and purse of sovereigns by his friends and admirers in the parish of St. Eugene's, Derry, where he had been administrator.

The Archbishop of Cashel has promoted the Very Rev. Arthur Ryan, president of St. Patrick's College, Thurles, to the place in the Cathedral Chapter vacated by the death of the late Canon John Ryan, P.P., New Inn.

The Waterford *Citizen*, at the risk of offending one of its subscribers, says, apropos of an incident in a church of that city: "A 'Pup' paring his nails, with his herculean 'shanks' crossed, during the celebration of holy mass, was certainly a very edifying sight."

The *National Press* today announces the receipt yesterday of £12 towards the Whig Federation Fund; today's *Freeman* acknowledges the receipt for the same day of the sum of over £114 towards the Parnell Leadership Fund. What a contrast! Whiggery is, indeed, going to the dogs entirely these days, and true nationality is, thank God, going ahead by leaps and bounds.—*Tipperary News.*

A scheme is on foot to drain and clean the river Suir in and around the vicinity of Thurles.

Dr. J. F. O'Ryan has been re-elected chairman of the Tipperary town commissioners.

The Very Rev. Dr. Molloy, rector of the Catholic University, and for several years professor in Maynooth College; the Very Rev. Dr. Browne, president of St Patrick's College, Maynooth; and the Venerable Archdeacon Walsh, P.P., V.G., Kingstown, have been created Domestic Prelates to the Pope, with the rank of Bishop. The Very Rev. Canon Fitzpatrick, V.G., president of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, and the Very Rev. Canon Plunkett, P.P., V.G., Blackrock, have been appointed Private Chamberlains to his Holiness, with the title of Monsignor. The three first named dignitaries are also added to the list of Private Chamberlains.

The following was published in a local paper: "I, Richard Parkes, of Athlumney, Navan, wish to publicly intimate that, for reasons best known to myself, I no longer belong to the Navan Whig Federation, and I pray that God may save Ireland from slavish submission to British dictation. RICHARD PARKES."

The following statistics have recently been published in reply to the query, Which street in the United Kingdom contains most street lamps? It would appear that Sauchiehall street, Glasgow, is entitled to head the list with 124 public lamps. Close up is Prince's street, Edinburg, with 107; and Oxford street, London, with 105. In Liverpool, Scotland road has 101, and Lime street 91. All the streets in addition have several private lamps, which materially increase the illuminations. In Dublin O'Connell street, Upper and Lower, stands first with 69 public and about a dozen private lamps.

MORNING AT KILLARNEY.

[*Boston Pilot.*]

The clouds from distant peaks unfold
And morning breaks in glory!
And crag and keep and abbey old,
Rich in their glowing story,
Look up to greet the glories rolled
On crumbling ruins hoary!

From Dunloe Gap where echo wakes
And calls the elves to rally,—
To Dinis isle along the lakes
There's peace on hill and valley!—
And only rippling water breaks,
To show where light winds dally!

The boatman to the eagle calls
Where waters bright are meeting.
Far o'er Ross Castle's broken walls
Above the white clouds fleeting,—
The lark pours music which enthralls
In wild and wayward greeting.

At Bricken Bridge the shadows stay
To watch the waters flowing—
Round Innisfallen's ruins gray
The ivy old is growing,
And guards where holy men did pray,
And gleams while winds are blowing.

Old Muckross, with each storied grave,—
Great chieftains in its keeping!—
With cloisters dim, and mould'ring nave,
And centuried yew-tree weeping,—
Rests calmly by the gleaming wave
And wakes not from its sleeping.

In far green fields the lovely fane
Of Aghadoe is dreaming!
But rising o'er the verdant plain
Its cross no more is gleaming!
Where sang of old the surpliced train
Only the sun is streaming.

JAMES RILEY.

Mattapan, Mass.

ENGLAND AND FREE TRADE.

[*To the Editor.*]

FAIRBAULT, Minn., June 22—Those who follow the arguments of the Cobden Club on free trade, and who admire free trade, should look back to history and English acts of parliament, and see how England has gained her commercial and manufacturing supremacy over the nations of the world, by her navigation laws, and the protection of her infant industries. In the reign of Richard II an act was passed for the encouragement of English shipping, "That the king's subjects should ship no merchandise out of or into the realm, but only in ships of the king's allegiance on pain of forfeiture." In the reign of Richard III, various laws were made for the inducement of clothmakers from abroad to settle in England, and for their protection. In the reign of Edward III none but clothes of home manufacture were to be worn, the texture, size, and proportions of which were defined by a particular statute in the twenty fifth year of this king, called the statute of cloth. Besides, artificers were put under severe restrictions; the apparel of all was regulated. In the reign of Edward VI the interests of trade and manufacturing were also provided for by various enactments in affirmance of the statutes of former reigns.

In the reign of Richard III, trade and commerce became objects of consideration of the king in imitation of his predecessors. He was solicitous to put them on such footing as would be conducive to the interests of the nation. All merchants, English, Welsh or Irish, were prohibited from exporting goods on pain of life and limb, and the forfeiture of their goods and chattels to the king, and of their tenements to their chief lord. This was done to supply the home market, in consequence of the statutes of laborers passed in various reigns, and to regulate the price of wages and provisions!—to make England self-sustaining and independent of the manufacturers of the world!

England favored protection by her navigation laws, under Cromwell. In 1699, it was enacted "That no wool yarn, or woolen manufacture of American plantations shall be shipped thence, or even laden, in order to be transported, on any pretense whatever."

In 1719 the English parliament declared "the erecting of manufactures in the colonies tends to *lessen their dependence on Great Britain!*"

In 1742 the British board of trade reported to parliament that the Americans had began to manufacture paper, which, they said, "interfered with the profits made by the British merchants."

Parliament instituted an inquiry, through the colonial governors, in relation to the progress of American manufactures, which resulted in showing that leather, "a little poor iron," and clothes for domestic use were manufactured; all of which was considered to be prejudicial to the trade and manufactures of Great Britain. In response to the board of trade, parliament, in 1732, prohibited the exportation from the colonies of such articles of manufacture as interfered with the like articles in England. No person was allowed to make hats in any part of this country who had not served an apprenticeship, and the number of apprentices was limited to two in each case, and those had to be white, as colored apprentices were forbidden.

In 1750 the English parliament prohibited the erection of mills for rolling iron in the colonies, also the making of steel. If such mills were found in any part of the colonies, their colonial governors were requested to treat them as nuisances and to destroy them under severe penalties for disobedience. The navigation laws did not allow any articles of colonial manufacture to be exported, or any foreign commodity to be imported, except in English ships.

Those who are aiming to establish English commercial supremacy, should not forget that Spain, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, imported fine wool from England into Spain to be returned to England in manufactured cloth. So England has built up her commercial and manufacturing interests, by protection; now, when she is able to undersell the world she wants free trade!

England made it a penal offense to sell to the Americas colonies a loom, or tools to manufacture linen. If a British workingman went to a foreign country he was ordered home, and, in default, his goods were confiscated and he was put out of the king's protection. It was made a penal offense to teach the Yankees how to manufacture cotton! This shows England's methods of protection of her infant industries. This is a lesson to Free Traders!

The Irish ought to know from the history of Ireland, and the statutes of Ireland and England, that Irish manufactures and commerce were ruined by English laws. P. CUDMORE.

THE FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST DEMONSTRATION.

The United Irish Societies of Chicago have appointed the following gentlemen as officers and members of the executive committee to make arrangements for the Irish National demonstration and picnic to be held at Ogden Grove on Saturday, Aug. 15. The first meeting was held at McCoy's Hotel Wednesday evening, July 1, at 8 o'clock:

William H. Joyce, president.
Daniel F. O'Connor, vice president.
John Dowling, financial secretary.
Andrew J. Duggan, corresponding sec'y.
William Gavan, treasurer.

Frank Agnew,	John F. Finerty,
P. V. Fitzpatrick,	John M. Smyth,
John Dwyer,	James O'Brien,
Daniel Corkery,	Patrick McCarthy,
Capt. P. F. Ryan,	Ald. E P. Burke,
Thomas Ahern,	W. F. Mahoney,
Edward Traynor,	John Powers,
Thomas McDermott,	W. F. Murphy,
Patrick O'Brien,	James Bradley,
John J. O'Connell,	Matthew P. Brady,
P. B. Flanegan,	F. T. Colby,
Lawrence Henley,	Thomas L. Hartigan,
William Houlihan,	J. J. McCormick,
Martin Mulcahey,	Michael McInerney,
John Gibbons,	John T. O'Malley,
Lawrence Markey,	John J. Fitzgibbon,
James. U. Strain,	Owen Murray.
Martin Garrity,	Col. Thomas Ward,
Thomas O'Donnell,	J. J. O'Keefe,
W. H. Kelly,	John E. Long,
James O'Toole,	P. Doyle,
Michael O'Connor,	J. J. Carroll,
Thomas Walsh,	Thomas Mulcahey,
Edward Rowlan,	J. J. Mahoney,
M. J. Kelly,	Capt. L. R. Buckley,
M. J. Keane,	John McGovern,
J. D. McCarthy,	Timothy Mahoney,
Frank D. Kinsella,	Hugh K. Jordan,
Wm. Madden,	David Clohessy,
Patrick Curtain,	John McNulta,
Patrick Morris,	Wm. McCoy,
Michael Keaney,	Maurice Moore,
John Foley,	John J. Fox,
Michael Fitzgerald,	Ignatius Sheridan,
Thomas Jones,	Matt Lamb,
Thomas McPhillips,	Wm. Lynan,
Patrick F. Conway,	Joseph O'Donnell,
Wm. O'Brien,	Joseph P. Gallagher.

At the meeting of the executive committee on Wednesday evening James C. Strain was elected chairman.

THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

Extending north from Long's Peak, in Colorado, the Front Range or Continental Divide comprises a chain of stupendous peaks reaching into the clouds, and covered even in summer with great fields of snow and ice. This range, cut up by gorges and chasms thousands of feet in depth, which reach into it from the valleys on both sides, presents views of rugged grandeur excelled by none in the entire Rocky Mountain region. Many have compared them favorably with the world famed glories of the Alps and Caucasus.

Below "timber line," which in this region is at about eleven thousand feet elevation, the sides of the mountains are covered with a dense growth of spruce, which gives way in the lower valleys to the yellow pine and quaking ash. These grand forests have never been ravaged by fires nor marred by the woodman's ax; and in their gloomy depths the mule deer, mountain lion, and cinamon bear roam undisturbed by fear of man.

Above timber line the mountains rise from two to three thousand feet more—in some places gentle slopes covered with huge granite boulders, and in others cliffs and crags rising almost sheer for hundreds of feet. Here and there are masses of hard packed snow, while in a sheltered spot on the south side of some cliff grow tiny alpine flowers and dwarf grasses—the food of the wary big horn sheep, which still frequent this range in considerable numbers.

Comparatively few persons have explored these, the grandest of all the Rockies. Distance from railroads and the total absence of the precious metals have left the range uninhabited, the nearest settlers being the scattered ranchmen in Estes Park.

Great peaks thirteen thousand feet high have never been scaled, dark chasms and gorges are yet unexplored, and mountains higher than Mount Katahdin piled upon Mount Washington have never been deemed worthy of a name.—*Frederick Funston, in July St. Nicholas.*

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BYRNE—June 14, James N. Byrne, late of the commercial staff of *United Ireland.*

FAY—June 14, at Newtown House, Naas, Matthew Fay.

LANGAN—June 18, at The Rudder, Bellewstown, county Meath, John Langan.

SAMMON—June 19, at Kilcullen bridge, John Sammon, aged 89 years.

BURKE—June 17, at Well Park, Drumcondra, county Dublin, P. J. Burke, of Boxford House, Roscommon.

BYRNE—June 18, at No. 3 Tivoli avenue, Haroldscross, Michael Byrne.

MOORE—June 16, at No. 38 Cuffe street, Dublin, Thomas Moore.

BYRNE—June 18, John Byrne, aged 49 years, ex Papal Brigade, Ancona, 1860; Irish Ambulance, Chateaudun, France, 1870 71.

KENRICK—June 14, Mary J. Kenrick, aged 28 years, wife of George Kenrick, of No. 8 Albert place, Dublin.

MYERS—June 12, James Myers, Suir Island, Clonmel, aged 71 years.

SOMERS—June 12, at No. 93 Rathmore place, Cork, William Somers, of Engineering Branch Telegraph, aged 38 years.

Manager Havlin announces with pleasure the first production on any stage, beginning Sunday matinee, July 5, for one week, of Mr. P. H. Grant's Irish American military drama, "The Gallant 69th." The play deals with Irish heroism during the late civil war, and will be superbly staged, and played by a competent company of eastern players. The scenes of the play in the first act are laid in Ireland. The scenes of the following acts are laid in the United States during the civil war. It is said that the scenes and incidents of the play will be decidedly striking. The author has deftly woven into this story of love and war a refreshing thread of bright and sparkling comedy. Corcoran's gallant Irish 69th, that showed such steady and unwavering front at Bull Run, is paid a fitting and touching tribute by the author. The play is replete with beautiful music, poetry and song, and deserves the patronage of every true Irish American.

SUMMER IN IRELAND.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

The gold of the summer sunshine is glassed on the circling sea
That kisses the shore, as a bridegroom kisses the lips of his bride;
The mists on the hill-tops gather in a blue haze dreamily,
The children play on the shelving strand, and the barques on the rolling tide;
And over her heathery mountains, and down in each verdant grove
The pine trees wave their branches by the sweetest of zephyrs fanned;
The emerald pastures bask them in light from the skies above,
And the heavens are shedding their glory on the breast of a beauteous land!

Today are the fern leaves blooming on the slopes of Slievenamon,
And the hawthorn hedges blossom from the sward of the fertile lea,
And evening's rays are wearing a coronal wreath upon
The pillared brow and the cragiets of the purple red Galtees;
Killarney greets with rapture the azure that flecks the sky,
And each lake from its precious casket on the proud arbutus smiles,
While the balm of an Araby stealeth, as the breezes flutter by,
Where Carbery, robed in beauty, looks up from its hundred isles.

The rivers rush with a joyous chant through Wicklow's fields of green,
The birdies pipe their anthems over rath and haunted dell,
The towers of old grow young again in the light of the summer sheen,
And a brighter crystal shineth from the depths of each holy well:
All over the land the air is rife with the softest tenderest trills,
And the fuschias blush like vestals in a halo of peerless grace,
As the silvery limpid torrents and the gushing rushing rills
Dash down the bouldered gorges to the ocean's glad embrace!

Oh, there in the hush of the evening calm 'neath the setting sunlight's glance,
While the piper plays, and the laughter rings with a whole-souled gaiety,
Brave stalwart youths and comely maids through the merry mazes dance,
Where the cross-roads meet by the lover's stile, in in the shade of the mulberry;
And there the old—old tale is told, while eyes look into eyes
With all of that tender witchery which love can understand,
And the tall trees stoop to listen to the murmur of balmy sighs,
When soul is blended with soul, and the heart goes with the hand.

And though there's a shadow upon the land—a shadow of woe and pain—
The fratricidal heritage of the stormy days of yore—
And though the curse of a pitiless fate looms over the isle again,
And dims the face of its radiant skies and darkens its verdant shore,
We would rather spend the summer days in that old land o'er the sea
Where the hills would rise to greet us, and the bones of our fathers rest,
Than bask in the loveliest Eden of the valleys of Italy,
Or pass our lives, lapped in sweet dreams, in the prairies of the West!

T. A. & B. S. Picnic.

The sixth annual picnic given by Father Hagan's Young Men's T. A. & B. Society today (Saturday, July Fourth) at Columbia Park, promises to be one of the grandest events of the season. A most enjoyable programme has been arranged consisting of games, sports of every description, fine boating and fishing. Trains leave the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé depot, Polk and Dearborn streets, at 9 and 9:30 a. m. Stopping at Archer avenue, Thirty first and Thirty ninth streets. A good time is guaranteed.

The End of Sitting Bull and of Indian Wars.

In the July "Century" Major G. W. Baird, formerly of Gen. Miles's staff, concludes an illustrated paper on "Gen. Miles's Indian Campaigns" as follows:

"Doubtless one of Sitting Bull's own race would call him an unbending patriot. The Great Spirit made me an Indian and did not make me an Agency Indian,' he proudly asserted to Gen. Miles under a flag of truce, in the fall of 1876, when backed up by a thousand braves. There are, however, but two goals for the Indians—civilization or annihilation; Sitting Bull has the latter, as doubtless he would have preferred. He was killed Dec. 15, 1890, by men of his own race who were enforcing against him the orders of the whites, whom he hated. Capt. Fechet, of the 8th cavalry, who brought a force to the support of the Agency police, took charge of the body, which was not mutilated nor scalped; he had it carried to Fort Yates, North Dakota, where it was decently buried in a coffin. Whatever the opinion entertained as to Sitting Bull and his taking off, inasmuch as his influence tended always to embroil his following with the dominant race, his death will doubtless result in benefit to his own people.

"For every Indian war there is a cause; too often that cause has been bad policy, bad faith, bad conduct, or blundering on the part of the whites. This sketch has simply recognized the fact of war and sought to give a true though necessarily an inadequate statement as to the means used by one commander to conduct his Indian campaigns to their uniformly successful issue. Given the fact of war, whatever the cause, the soldier must secure peace, even if he fights to win it. For the savage of today, as for civilized man not so many centuries ago, an enemy and his wife and children have no rights. The recognition of this fact would prevent much misconception as to the character of Indians. If I have not, in these sketches, indicated sufficiently the friendly feeling which, in common with nearly all army men, I feel for the Indians, not only friendly feeling but admiration for many of their qualities. I cannot hope to do so in a brief paragraph. The American people, those who really wish and hope to save the Indians from extinction or degradation, must be prepared to use great patience and summon all their wisdom. Indians (men) naturally look upon the arts of peace very much as the knights of the past ages did. War is their pastime; by it come glory, honor, leadership. It is unlikely that the place of the Indians as peaceful citizens will approach their place as warriors. 'Justice and judgment,' the one to protect, the other justly to punish them, have been too greatly lacking. It remains yet to be seen whether the future will be better than the past."

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending July 1:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
New Yorks	55	33	22	.600
Chicagos	57	34	23	.596
Bostons	58	31	27	.534
Clevelands	60	30	30	.500
Philadelphias	58	29	29	.500
Brooklyns	58	28	31	.475
Pittsburgs	55	23	32	.418
Cincinnatis	56	32	36	.379

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending July 1:

Thursday—Chicago 4, Cincinnati 2. New York 9, Brooklyn 3 Cleveland 9, Pittsburg 4. Philadelphia 17, Boston 7.

Friday—Chicago 11, Cincinnati 7 Philadelphia 4, Brooklyn 3. Cleveland 14, Pittsburg 5.

Saturday—Chicago 3 Pittsburg 10 Cincinnati 4, Cleveland 6 New York 4, Boston 8. Philadelphia 10, Brooklyn 7.

Monday—Chicago 8, Pittsburg 3. Philadelphia 10, Brooklyn 11. New York 8, Boston 4 Cincinnati 3, Cleveland 1.

Tuesday—Chicago 2, Pittsburg 3. Cincinnati 4, Cleveland 3 Brooklyn 4. Boston 1. Philadelphia 2, New York 3

Wednesday—Chicago 9, Cleveland 3. Philadelphia 4, New York 3. Cincinnati 4, Pittsburg 6. Brooklyn 0, Boston 6.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	63	42	23	.646
St. Louis	70	45	25	.643
Baltimores	64	38	26	.594
Cincinnatis	66	32	34	.485
Columbus	68	32	36	.471
Philadelphias	66	29	37	.439
Louisvilles	70	28	42	.400
Washingtons	61	19	42	.311

Thursday—St. Louis 9, Cincinnati 1. Washington 7, Philadelphia 5 Boston 13, Baltimore 5 Louisville 4, Columbus 2.

Friday—St. Louis 15 Cincinnati 4. Boston 6, Baltimore 1. Washington 3, Philadelphia 4.

Saturday—St. Louis 12, Columbus 6. Washington 4, Philadelphia 4. Boston 5, Baltimore 6 Louisville 6, Cincinnati 5.

Sunday—Louisville 7, Cincinnati 1. Baltimore 9, Boston 8. St. Louis 10, Columbus 7.

Monday—St. Louis 10, Columbus 11. Boston 7, Washington 3. Philadelphia 5, Baltimore 4.

Tuesday—Columbus 2, Cincinnati 6. Boston 16, Washington 4. Philadelphia 9, Baltimore 5. St. Louis 11, Louisville 6

Wednesday—Columbus 4, Cincinnati 2. St. Louis 5, Louisville 4. Philadelphia 2, Baltimore 4. Boston 9, Washington 3.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	7	5	2	.714
West Ends	7	5	2	.714
Garden Citys	8	5	3	.625
Franklins	8	3	5	.375
Brands	7	2	5	.286
Rivals	7	2	5	.286

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whitings 8, Franklins 1. Garden Citys 5, Rivals 4. West Ends 6, Brands 4.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO to Europe in seven days via the New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Nearly all are located near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

HEAD MILLE FAILTHE.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL MILITARY PICNIC
AND
Midsummer Night's Festival,
Under the Auspices of the
CLAN-Na-GAEL GUARDS
Will be Held at
OSWALD'S GROVE,
Fifty-Second and Halsted Streets,
SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891,
DAY AND EVENING.

Dancing and all kinds of games will be the order of the day. The grounds will be brilliantly illuminated in the evening. Halsted street cars run to the gate.

TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS.

THE GALLANT 69th.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE,
WABASH AVENUE.
SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1891,
Grand Production for the first time of
MR. P. H. GRANT'S
Splendid Irish-American Military Drama in Four Acts,
THE
GALLANT 69th,
Founded upon incidents that occurred in Ireland during the stirring period of the Fenian Insurrectionary Movement, and afterwards during the Civil War. The services of Mr.
Robert McWade,
the eminent comedian, who has been starring in "Rip Van Winkle" through America and Australia for the past fifteen years, have been secured by the author to present the character of
Ted O'Reilly.
The Irish Patriot and Soldier.
Clara Wildman
Will sing, in the course of the piece, "Honest Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade," written by
PRIVATE MYLES O'REILLY.
The drama will be presented every evening during the week at 8 p. m. Matinees Sunday, Thursday and Saturday. Last performance Saturday evening, July 11. PRICES AS USUAL.
Havlin's is Positively the Best Ventilated and Coolest Summer Theatre in Chicago.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 67 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern:

Please take notice that on the 20th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39) North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE CROTSER, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Crotser, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof. ALFRED KENNEDY, Executor.

Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

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Carpets and Parlor Goods.
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ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,
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Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH, Attorney at Law, 609 Opera House Building, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

PAGE & PEARSON, Attorneys-at-Law, 85 Dearborn-st., Rooms 304-5-6. Chicago, Ill.

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DAILY LAKE EXCURSION
To the Beautiful Summer Resorts of
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ATTENTION VETERANS!
The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.
JOHN F. FINERTY
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

Easy Payments.
Ladies' Dress Goods, Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry. Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.
Jas. Clarke,
MANAGER,
Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

HER SMILE.

Her winsome smile! I doted so
The brief and happy while ago
When I believed forever mine
The radiance of its tender shine;
But now another dotes, I trow.
Well, let him lavishly bestow
On her his dream wealth, well I know
The light that makes his dreams divine,
Her witching smile.

But some day when its arrows go
All slant-wise, and its tender glow
Falls elsewhere, though he make no sign
I know the unspoken countersign,
He won my joy, he shared my woe,
All through her smile.
—Rosaline E. Jones.

HE LOOKED LIKE ME.

One evening, in the winter of 1874, on my way home in a Pendleton street car, my attention was attracted to two elderly ladies, who sat near where I stood. The only reason for my noticing them was the fact that they seemed to be quite agitated about me.

They shot glances at me and put their heads close together and talked in earnest tones, and they carried it so far that, while no one else in the car noticed it so far as I saw, I was so conscious that I was being observed and discussed that I was on the point of getting out. They were not unladylike, but were evidently so much occupied with what interested them, whatever it was, that they did not realize that they were making things uncomfortable for a person of my sensitiveness.

They left the car at the Miami railroad station, and both, as they went out, took a square look into my face, averted though it was.

Some two weeks after this affair one of the same ladies came into my office and introduced herself as Mrs. Seymour, and desired some professional advice and assistance. I recollected her at once as one of the street car ladies, although neither made the least intimation that we had ever seen each other before. I did a little writing, and she soon took leave of me, to come again in a few days, when something further was to be done.

At the next interview both the ladies came, and I had an opportunity to observe them closely. They were both past fifty—one not far from sixty. I imagined them to be ladies in good circumstances—as afterward appeared—and both were, without the least doubt, thoroughly well bred and intelligent women. The second lady gave her name as Miss Susan Timberlake.

Their business did not amount to much, and had, in fact, very little in it, but they saw me several times, and always increased the air of mystery and suspicion which surrounded them from the first.

At the last interview we had in my office, while we were together a patrolman came in, to whom one of the ladies said in a quiet tone, "This is the man; take him along."

The officer said he had a warrant for my arrest, and wished me to go with him to the Hammond street police station. I should shirk the truth if I did not admit that I was appalled and frightened. However I looked, I felt very pale, but I asked to see the warrant, which was produced. It charged one Charles Wilson Murray with being a fugitive from justice, with the usual formalities. I quietly informed the man that I was not Charles Wilson Murray, but one of the ladies, more by a gesture than by any spoken word, ordered him not to hesitate. It was quite dusk, and we made a solemn little procession along Third street and up Hammond to the bastile.

Arrived there, I observed that I was not unexpected, and then I was confronted by a comely young woman, who evinced from the first a degree of interest in me which seemed like a volcano of suppressed affection. The charge against Murray was that he had deserted his wife, but had omitted to desert a lot of her money and bonds. I was supposed to be Murray, and the young woman was Mrs. Murray.

In vain I assured them that I was not Murray, and that I had no stolen money or bonds. They cared nothing for the property, but they implored me to acknowledge my identity and to return with them to the home which was desolate without me. All that I said to convince them that I was not Murray seemed to have no effect whatever, and finally Mrs. Murray told the officers that I had a mark on my left side above the hip which would settle the question, but before they seized me to examine my person the late Captain James L. Ruffin, who knew me well, and whom, of course, the officers knew, happened in, and upon his assurance I was discharged. It was solemnly promised on all sides that nothing should be said about the affair, and all record of it, as far as possible, was then and there destroyed.

Before we separated, however, Mrs. Murray spoke in the tenderest way of the baby, and the next day, at their request, I called at the Gibson House and there saw the baby, and confirmed myself in the belief that they were good, very well to do people in a frantic search of the absent Mr. Murray, whom they wished not to punish for any wrong, or supposed wrong that he had done, but rather to induce him to return to them and receive from them nothing but love and kindness.

As I could be of no service to them further, they offered to pay me liberally for the professional work which I was expected to do, which they said was naught. They had followed me by inquiries after seeing me in the street car, and had come to the office only to assure themselves that I was really the man they were after.

I left them with the fact impressed on my mind that there was a man at large who so closely resembled me that his own wife was deceived. I hoped he would always behave well.

In the early summer of 1875 I was married, and my wife and I spent the summer and fall at Green Lake, in central Wisconsin. In the latter part of September I joined a party made up of Dr. Kimball, of the United States army, General Ben. Harrison, now Senator Harrison, of Indiana, and Mr. Lockwood, of St. Louis, to go on a duck hunt on Lake Puckaway, some twenty miles further into the wilderness.

Lake Puckaway is an extensive, shallow lake, overgrown with wild rice and celery, and is a famous breeding place for aquatic fowls. We had to go in a wagon, and the morning after our arrival General Harrison seduced away my man, Sam Marshall, and went off into the lake, leaving us to find each a boy to push his boat for him.

The weather was windy and bad, and Dr. Kimball and I, not having any sport at all, returned to shore and to the house where we had all found lodging. We were down in the mouth and somewhat put out by General Harrison's flank movement, and the doctor opened his gripsack and produced a real bottle of real champagne, which we sucked dry in the general's absence.

There were a few straggling houses at the place, and a small country store, in which could be found something in every line. Strolling around alone that afternoon, I met a native who addressed me familiarly as Myers. I did not correct him, and when we went into the store the man there also called me Mr. Myers, and when I left them they both had no doubt they knew me and that my name was Myers.

That evening Rev. George Beecher and his wife and mother, and all his dogs and guns, arrived at our lodging house, and from him I learned that the prairie chicken shooting was as good as the duck shooting, and I determined to try it the next morning early. I found a man who knew the country and had a horse, a wagon and a dog. He agreed to take me out. But before I concluded with him I asked him if he knew where Mr. Myers lived. He said that he had never seen the man that he knew of, but he knew that a man by that name lived in a cabin some six miles back in the woods. He said that we would pass over some fine prairie going in that direction, and we arranged to go.

That evening, while Dr. Kimball was chatting in another room with Harrison, Lockwood and the Beecher family, I took the empty champagne bottle, filled it with water, drove in the cork, tied it with twine from a guncase and then pressed over it some tinfoil which I took off from a package of cigarettes. I then took out the doctor's only remaining bottle of real champagne and put the harmless water in its place. The wine I hid in my kit for use the next day.

We were off long before daylight, and spent a pleasant morning in beating the prairie. We bagged a number of birds. We traveled toward the residence of Mr. Myers, and about noon reached it. It was a log cabin of three rooms, one of which looked like the summer camp of a gentleman. There were guns and traps, boots and books, cigar boxes and some old magazines lying about in careless confusion. We found a woman in charge, and an old man who seemed to be nearing the shore line.

I asked the old fellow if Mr. Myers was at home, and he replied only by a quizzical look and an idle wave of the hand. But the woman eyed me from head to foot and disappeared hastily. The old man thought I was Myers himself with different clothes on, but the woman took me to be his twin brother.

Presently Mr. Myers himself appeared. It is not worth while to describe him. Whoever has seen me has seen him, and after that no one will doubt that he appeared well and behaved better. According to the custom of country people, he gave us the best entertainment the house could furnish, and appreciated with zest the flavor of a cigar which I was able to offer him. After dinner, while we were lingering on the bench by the old cabin door, I bethought me of my stolen wine and proposed that he join me in a post prandial glass, which tasted very well out of a brace of tin cups.

When a good flow of good feeling had been established by the cheering wine and by our pleasant conversation, I tried, as adroitly as I could, to draw Mr. Myers out. He did not seem to be suspicious, nor at all reticent, but seemed most of all to enjoy a friendly meeting, no matter how short, with a person nearer his own level than those with whom his life was spent. He told me that he had lived in the cabin for two years, doing nothing but passing the time. He amused himself at fishing and hunting, reading and sleeping. In the summer time the members of a shooting club came up to Puckaway, and he spent a day now and then in their congenial society. His long winters, however, were tedious and desolate enough, and I did not fail to extort from him that the reason why he endured them was because he had become soured, and was disgusted with the world and had turned his back on it.

When I thought it safe to venture it, the conversation suddenly took this turn:

I—Murray, you ought not to bury yourself in the woods like this.

He (with a look of mingled alarm and surprise)—Murray, did you say?

I—Yes; and to give it all I might say Charles Wilson Murray, alias Myers.

He—Who are you and what are you after?

I—I am nobody in particular, and I am after nothing.

He—Did I ever meet you in Philadelphia?

I—Never; I never saw you before today.

He—Did you come out here on purpose to see me?

I—Yes. I was mistaken for you in the village yesterday, and I wanted to see what you looked like.

He—How did you get my name?

I—I was once before mistaken for you, and was arrested in consequence. I was confronted by three ladies and charged with theft, but the charge was made only to secure my arrest. They wanted me, or rather you—not anything which they thought they had lost.

He—Three ladies! Two elderly ladies and one about twenty-two?

I—Yes. They called themselves Mrs. Seymour, Miss Susan Timberlake and Mrs. Murray, your wife.

He—My mother-in-law, Mrs. Seymour; my Aunt Sue—bless her old soul—and my Fanny! But, for the sake of mercy, tell me about it. When, where and how was it?

I then told him what I have already related about my arrest, and I also repeated much of what was said at the Gibson House when I called to see them there, and I spoke of the baby.

The mention of the baby transfixed him—it eclipsed all thought of every other person. I told him that the child looked like him, for all the ladies said that it looked like me.

I cannot take time to give all the details; his story was this:

His Aunt Susan and he were all that were left of their family. Neither had another relative upon the face of the earth. She was well off, and he had taken to roaming when a boy and had not seen her for many years. She lived in a little town called Angelica, in western New York.

In 1870 he went to see her and was deluged with affectionate attentions. His aunt's most intimate friend was Mrs. Seymour, who had a pretty daughter, Fanny—and the two old ladies handled the matter so adroitly that almost before he knew it he married the girl.

Then Mrs. Seymour broke up her house and they all set up together at Aunt Sue's.

The ladies had between them an abundance of money. He did nothing but idle the time away; and they did nothing but pet him. They all made a small god of him, and he soon felt himself being suffocated with an excess of affection. He neither went out nor came in, never coughed or sneezed, without putting all three ladies into more or less excitement. They pampered him with food, fussed over his linen and other garments, satiated him with petty pettings, until his life was a burden. After two months of it, he had to go to Harrisburg on business, and this little sniff of freedom brought back the charms of a Bohemian life and he did not return. He wrote them from different places, but never waited to hear from them, and now over two years had passed since he had written at all.

I suggested that he go back to them, and he at once asserted with great vehemence that if that baby was a boy he would go back; if it was a girl he would go right away to China or India, and never allow them to hear of him again. In Mr. Murray's opinion a household made up of three women and one man was too uneven. He was too much in a minority. He said that he seemed to be cut off from companionship, and wanted nothing in the world so much as a male friend and the society of gentlemen.

He said if that child was a boy he would not feel so much alone and so lonesome; the women could not smother him entirely: that he and the boy would soon conspire and confederate for mutual comfort and protection.

Unfortunately I could not tell him the sex of the child, but I promised, without disclosing the fact that I had met him, to get the baby's gender, and let him know. When I took leave he said that he understood that he had been charged with theft of bonds and money. "You tell Aunt Sue," said he, "that the stuff is in Mr. Lockhart's safe in his store—where she told me to leave it. I may have omitted to mention this to her."

I wrote to Miss Timberlake when I returned home, and the baby proved to be a boy, which fact I communicated to Mr. Myers at Puckaway. He replied, giving me leave to write again to Aunt Sue to say that he was coming home; and in my letter to her I ventured to hint that if she and Mrs. Seymour would expend the wealth of their affections in one house, on each other, and let Mr. and Mrs. Murray and the boy occupy a mansion to themselves, there would be no further separations. I knew that Murray would soon make a genteel Bohemian out of the boy, and the two would make up a working majority.

In 1880 I got the "oil fever" and invested some money of my own and more for other people in petroleum in Pennsylvania. I spent some time in going over the field from Bradford, Pa., to Richburg, N. Y., and at Duke Center, Pa., I had quite extensive operations.

One day at the little tavern in Duke Center who should come swinging in but Murray, alias Myers. He had grown so much stouter that he was not mistaken for me, nor I for him; but he knew me instantly, and when I asked, "How is Aunt Sue? and how is the boy?" the fellow smiled to his full capacity. He assured me that Aunt Sue was sound to the core; that the boy was a "gusher," and so was his little brother.

"Then," said I, "you are no longer in a hopeless minority."

"No, sir," answered he, with the emphasis of a driller; "Aunt Sue and Mother Seymour don't count, and we are three to one now."

"Do you never reflect," I asked, "that that second boy may not just as well have been mine? When I was taken to be the father of the first one, I was as footloose as a cowboy, and I could have gone right into the house and been its hero, as long as I did not expose my left side, and perhaps I should have been there yet."

"What ails your left side?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said. "Only that I have no mark there, and you have—that would have given me away."

"Well! well! well!" he muttered in a musing way, "the old cow that gored me when I was a child and was the same day killed for her viciousness may after all have marked me for good luck. But you must come to Angelica and see us all together."

I assured him that I should be glad to do so, but I was not able then to spare the time, and a visit to the Murrays is still one of the pleasures which I hope to enjoy in the future—perhaps in my next summer's vacation.—Amos Flint in Cincinnati Gazette.

Travel on the East River Bridge.

The first six months during which the Brooklyn bridge was open 1,000,000 passengers crossed. In 1884 the total was 8,500,000; in 1885, 17,000,000; in 1886, 24,000,000; in 1887, 28,000,000; in 1888, 30,000,000; in 1889, 34,000,000, and in 1890, 37,676,411.—New York Sun.

TO BE RID OF VERMIN.

A PROFESSIONAL INSECT DESTROYER TELLS WHAT TO DO.

The Chief Weapons Are Constant Vigilance and Cleanliness—Benzine, if Judiciously Applied, Is a Terror to the Loathsome Bedbug.

If you will walk over to the east side some day, up one of the crooked streets that lead out of the City Hall park, you will come presently to a small, swinging sign that reads, "Rat Exterminator and Insect Destroyer," and, entering, you will find, in place of a small, dingy shop and a queer, little, grimy faced, long haired old man that you may have imagined to yourself, a bright, airy office, a window full of singing birds, a young girl with some crochet work in her hands and a pleasant looking middle aged woman in a tastefully made black gown.

"You would like to know something about our business?" asked the woman. "Oh, yes! A great many people come in to inquire. Take a chair and I will tell you what I can about it. Mr. Catcher has been in the business for a long time. We have our regular customers, and employ seven men to visit them at stated intervals and keep their houses free from vermin. They go, generally, two or three times a week.

"You see, it is work that must be kept up all the time, like sweeping or dish washing, and if you leave it to servants they are apt to neglect it after a little. Sometimes people think they can get along without us, and have their porters or other man servants do the work. They do very well for a week or two; then they grow careless and their employers have to send for us again.

"Who are our customers? All sorts of people. We send men to stores and warehouses, hotels, flats and private houses. Mr. Catcher has worked for some of his customers for years. They employ him generally by the year, or for six months at a time. He has to be very careful about his men. They must be honest and have good characters, or he would not dare to send them into people's houses.

HOW HE WORKS.

"How does he do his work? If he is hunting roaches or croton bugs he first sprays all of the cracks in the floors and woodwork of a room with a liquid preparation that he has, and then sprinkles around very thoroughly a white powder, and in a day or two he goes and cleans up the dead bugs. He does not attempt to rid houses of bedbugs when they are in the furniture. That is out of his line. But sometimes people send for him to have him clear them out of the walls of houses before they move in, and then he goes to work just as he does against the roaches.

"For rats and mice he sets traps, often twenty or thirty at a time, and when he goes for them the next day he generally finds them full. He has them baited here, and then sets them around in the places where the creatures are in the habit of coming out, and after they are emptied they are all thoroughly cleansed before being used again.

"Yes, indeed, he has ants to fight against, and they are worse than anything else to get rid of.

"People send for him all the time. They write or telegraph to him, 'The rats are getting so thick that they are running away with us. Have you forgotten about us?' or 'The mice are eating up everything in the house; come and help us!'

"In keeping a house free from vermin remember that 'eternal vigilance is the price of freedom' from bugs and other predatory household foes of all kinds.

CLEANLINESS IS IMPORTANT.

"Do not allow bits of food to stand around uncovered on your tables or pantry shelves; allow no scraps or crumbs to collect in out of the way coreers; keep your sinks and drain pipes clean and free from grease—this you can do by scalding them out once or twice a week with hot water in which you have dissolved a large lump of salsoda; wash your shelves occasionally with hot borax water, and sprinkle around the edges of them and around the sides of your kitchen floor a mixture of equal parts of powdered borax and sugar.

"If you have been unfortunate enough to move into a house where there are bedbugs benzine used daily with patience and perseverance will exterminate them. Apply with a feather or an atomizer to every crack and crevice that may possibly harbor the smallest bug, and be sure that the fumes have all evaporated before you light the gas in the room.

"If you want to put away your clothes so that the moths will not eat them up wrap them well in newspapers and place them between layers of other newspapers thoroughly saturated with turpentine. Moths rather enjoy camphor gum and actually grow fat on red pepper, but from turpentine they will keep at a respectful distance.

"And, last of all, understand that whether your enemies creep or fly or run, if you would wage a successful warfare against them, your chiefest weapons must be constant vigilance and cleanliness! cleanliness! cleanliness!" — New York World.

How the Junkman Thrives.

The other day an artist who had accumulated in his room a varied assortment of bottles, old rags, papers, paint tubes, etc., made a desperate effort to get rid of them. The janitor declined to take the stuff away for what it was worth. In his dilemma the energetic knight of the brush finally scoured the streets for a junkman with a push cart.

He was felicitating himself upon having made a good bargain when he discovered that the rag and bottle man had wrapped up his brand new coat with the other things. By that time the itinerant had disappeared. This by the way of illustrating a favorite mode of operation on the part of the street gentry. They affect stupidity. If caught they made a mistake; if not, well, the other fellow made a mistake. See?—New York Herald.

AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL ENACTMENT.

The Supreme Court of the United States will, during its fall term, hand down a decision in the case of Mr. George W. Dupre, one of the publishers of the New Orleans *States*, a leading daily newspaper of that city, which probably involves a greater number of important legal propositions than were ever presented for the consideration of that tribunal.

It is perhaps regretable that these questions should come up on what many may carelessly view as a side issue. Mr. Dupre, relying upon the unconstitutionality of what is known as the Lottery Act and having chosen to ignore its provisions, for which he was duly—and, as he thinks, unlawfully—called to account, is now seeking the relief guaranteed by the constitution in such a case.

To Mr. Dupre, therefore, it is not a side issue, but all important as indeed must be such an issue to every citizen which involves individual freedom, the rights of a sovereign state and the liberty of the press.

The most cursory examination of the provisions of this act, entitled "An Act to Amend certain sections of the Revised Statutes relating to Lotteries and for other purposes," demonstrates the appropriateness of its title. It is an act "for other purposes," and very many other purposes indeed. The avowed object of the statute is to break up the business of the Louisiana State Lottery Company and if the framers of this new and certain unprecedented legislation had sought to do this directly honestly, and fairly, there could not be any reasonable objection to the character of the attempt. The worst that could have been said of such legislation is that it was nugatory. "You shan't run a lottery," Uncle Sam would cry, to which Louisiana would not unnaturally reply, "shall." And here the matter would rest until Louisiana was ready, of her own accord, to agree with her sister states.

For there is no principle of law better established than that the general government has no power to declare any acts committed within the borders of a sovereign state other than those which are committed in direct contravention of the special powers lodged by the constitution in the general government.

It is for the State exclusively, to declare what is lawful or unlawful in the way of lotteries just as it is its prerogative to establish high license or prohibition or to enforce or not enforce, as the case may be, a Sunday law.

The framers of the statute knew this perfectly well and they have attempted to do by indirection what they have no right to do at all. They have sought to lodge in the post office Department, powers wholly superior to the constitution, the law of the land and the proper tribunals for its enforcement. But the statute goes even further; it expressly authorizes the pettiest postmaster, nay, eggs him on, to commit acts which would, without the protection of the statute, constitute offenses of the gravest and most inexcusable character.

These acts, he is not only encouraged, but commanded to commit on all occasions which may seem fit to his own good pleasure. It confers therefore upon this mere sorter of letters and deliverer of mails, more authority than that claimed by the Supreme Court of his own state, the President of the United States and his entire cabinet always excepting, of course, his chief, the Postmaster General. It puts him wholly outside of the law, makes him totally irresponsible even to his own conscience and common sense, and to cap this climax of absurdities, places the liberty of the press, without which our present form of government might as well be abandoned, completely at his mercy.

These propositions are startling but true, and being true, they are worth the careful attention of every citizen who observes the signs of the times. Fortunately, it is not conceivable that the supreme court will, or can, give effect to them. However desirable may be the end in view it surely cannot be worth attaining at the expense of liberty and justice. Yet this is, in exact terms, the issue involved.

It requires no special knowledge or legal training to detect the vice of such legislation. Like all arbitrary and despotic enactments, it puts might above right, and justifies the unlawful means it is compelled to employ by the conceived desirability of the end it seeks to attain.

Take section 3894 of the statute. "Any person violating the provisions of this section" (which makes the mere mailing of a letter, or in fact, any mail matter having the remotest connection with the business of the lottery company, a misdemeanor) "may be proceeded against by information or indictment."

This section has at least one merit—it recognizes the forms of law if, at the same time, it does trample upon the constitution. It presupposes a regular proceeding of some kind, a trial by jury with all the regular incidents of such a trial. However, it is wholly unconstitutional, and, upon analysis, absurd. The State of Louisiana, and indeed any individual or company, is debarred by law from maintaining a mail service of her own, yet the general government, not only a common carrier, but an exclusive common carrier, declines to accept the mail matter of one State because in other States it is declared contraband. Instead of being neutral in the matter, and permitting the States to settle their own differences, the government seeks to imprison or terrorize those who attempt to make it do its plain duty, which is, to do for ALL the States (and not for any chosen number of them) what severally they cannot do so well for themselves provide a safe, speedy and trustworthy service unimpaired by such star chamber restrictions as those now being enforced.

But if the denial of mail facilities to the press and the public because of differences of opinion with regard to new distinctions in morality arising between the several States be a deprivation of the rights of the State as declared by the law and the constitution, what shall we say of section 3929 which authorizes the Postmaster General "*upon evidence satisfactory to himself*," we quote and italicise the clause, to instruct his postmasters to stamp with the word "Fraudulent," letters which he thinks fall within the provisions of this very act.

Whatever has been said of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, its worst enemies have never claimed it to be "Fraudulent." The good faith of the company has never been called in question. Even those newspapers which have taken exception to its existence, have never denied the honesty of its methods nor of the gentlemen—such men as Gen. Beauregard and Early are among them—who have superintended the drawings.

The framers of the statute knew this—It was a fact of common notoriety—but this is just why they got up the rubber stamp scheme. Repeat the word "Fraudulent" enough, they reasoned, and perhaps after awhile the idea will sink in—the public will in time, perhaps, come to believe the very opposite of what they had always believed before.

The device seems flimsy enough, but in its general operation it is highly dangerous and oppressive.

For this enormous power is exercised by the postmaster "upon evidence satisfactory to himself." Yet, this evidence cannot be obtained, so the statute is careful to say, by opening the letter. Oh no, that would be a breach of confidence, and besides it is expressly prohibited by law. Then how is the postmaster to obtain "evidence, which is satisfactory to himself?" He is to GUESS, just Guess? A private citizen who libels another cannot set up in justification of his slander evidence of the truth of his statement which is merely "satisfactory to himself." If this were so, it would vastly simplify many a libel case. This evidence must be satisfactory also to a jury of twelve men, but it is different with the postmaster. He can brand the correspondence of the most upright business man in the land on the mere suspicion and be held not in the least accountable. The proprietor of a newspaper who fails, perhaps through the death of witnesses or through some other accident, to establish the truth of charges made in the interest of the public, from good motives and for justifiable ends, is none the less mulcted in damages, but your postmaster, no indeed. He can libel anybody from any motive or for any end, and when he is called to account, he is sure to have "evidence satisfactory to himself."

Again, the provisions of the statute are not restricted to the mailing of lottery tickets, remittances or letters of inquiry; they cover a much wider category of any "scheme," in fact or "device for obtaining money of any kind through the mails, by means of fraudulent pretences or promises" is equally prohibited and all the subterfuges and devices of the statute are equally applicable in this as in the case of the lottery.

Now at first blush, there seems to be a well meaning provision. Lottery companies are not necessarily fraudulent, whereas all such "schemes," such as described in the section undoubtedly are—but who is to be the judge of whether or not they are fraudulent? The court and jury? Not a bit of it. The postmaster again. He can put his little stamp on the printed envelope of an insurance company or bank if he is not satisfied with the "pretences or promises" upon which they are doing business. But he wont. Why not? He has the power. What guarantee have we that he will not abuse it?

Postmasters are not always obliging or just. Newspapers have found that out to their cost long ago But to what proportions will the petty exactions of consequential officials and their employes rise when these added powers are in full operation.

Suppose the case—every newspaper man knows how possible such a case is—of the business manager of a newspaper who, in entire good faith, accepts the advertisement or prospectus of some land improvement company, which turns out, as a matter of fact, to be mythical. He is liable to arrest. But, of course he may succeed in proving his good faith and the absence of any intent to commit the crime. This we will concede. Though why he should be put to this inconvenience by the post office department we cannot imagine. But how about the edition of his paper in which the unfortunate advertisement appears? It will not be delivered It may contain news of the greatest importance to its subscribers, the sentiments of the greatest thinkers and moralists of the day, but because of this one advertisement—the true character of which the publishers of the paper could not possibly be expected to know any more than the public it was designed to deceive—it is excluded from the mails.

However, if one class of advertisement is to be excluded why not any other? Could not, indeed will not, the law be extended to take in medical advertisements, those of wine and liquor houses, in fact all advertisements of any character except those of church and lodge meetings? It is easy to see that the tendency of such legislation is to seriously abridge the liberty of the press, besides depriving it of its legitimate revenues without due process of law.

The mail service, we repeat, is the exclusive franchise of the general government, and yet it is to be administered under these restrictions and conditions What then becomes of the liberty of the press? Evidently the men who framed this bill, thought little, or cared less about the liberty of a press in the habit of criticising their acts. But the public have an interest in the press and newspaper men have a right to carry on their business without interference except by the due process of law. The constitution expressly declares not only that this liberty shall not be destroyed, but also that it shall not be abridged.

And why is the liberty of the press abridged? Simply to suppress a lottery company incorporated under the laws of the State of Louisiana. These laws have never been declared unconstitutional The right of the State of Louisiana to authorize or maintain a lottery company has never been questioned. The supreme court of the state has in fact declared that the question of the extension of the company's charter is properly before the people, and no one doubts but that this extension will be ratified by as large a vote as cast at the last election for that purpose. The State of Louisiana, its charities and its works of improvement receive large sums yearly from the revenue of the lottery, and it is absurd to say in this land of raffles and church fairs that the State of Louisiana has no moral right to maintain a lottery Any number of governments and states have approved of lotteries whether conducted for private gain or for the public benefit. It is rather late in the day to import such new distinctions into the practical business of carrying on a government.

Besides, who can tell where this proselytism through the post office will stop? Shall Maine impose her prohibition laws upon wine growing California? Shall the Sunday laws of Connecticut be saddled upon those states whose history, the very character of their populations, lead them to regard Sunday as a day to be differently observed? All these questions are matters of opinion, often of theological opinion, questions which are at least open to debate, and yet it might be sought, through the Post Office Department, to make them the rule for all.

Nothing could be more monstrous, nor, in the light of history so absurd. In 1836, a law similar to the present one was introduced in congress, forbidding the delivery of seditious documents relative to slavery. Senator, afterwards President Buchanan supported the law; Daniel Webster opposed it. But what were these seditious documents? They were the criticisms of the abolitionists upon slavery as it then existed in the Southern states

The bill proposed to muzzle these expressions of public opinion, was undoubtedly a blow at the liberty of the press. It failed of enactment. Does any one doubt, if the same measure had come up later, say in 1862, that what would have been considered "seditious documents" would be reflections upon the right of the North to deprive the South of their property in slaves without their consent and without compensation. Few now question that the abolition of slavery has been a blessing to this country and was dictated by the best sentiment of humanity But how was this sentiment aroused but through the press? And how was it proposed to nullify this sentiment but by just such means as we are now invoked to enforce the opinions of a dominant party, which, even if they do not vary with regard to this matter, are certain to do so with regard to a great many questions which fall within the same rule

It is impossible, however, that the Supreme Court of the United States can uphold such a statute however much it may care to do so. Such a decision would not only be contrary to all its precedents, and contrary to the organic law of the land, but, were it lived up to, would make life in the Republic well nigh intolerable. Indeed legislation, such as betrays itself in this statute, saps the very foundation of liberty in substituting for the despotism of the absolute monarch, the oppression and tyranny of partisan power entrenched behind the irresponsible authority of its officers.

During the Mexican war, communication between the troops under Gen. Scott and the government at Washington was very imperfect. Months on months elapsed before dispatches and reports could be transmitted to and from the seat of war.

It so happened that although the then dominant party who opposed Gen. Scott, succeeded in securing his removal from the command of the army. The order to that effect did not reach him until after the City of Mexico had capitulated.

It is needless to state that the hero of this brilliant campaign was immediately reinstated and as little as possible said about the injustice done him. Gen. Scott made, however, this one remark:

"The long arm of power," he said, "has taken me away from the head of my troops."

The epithet as applied to the general government is certainly expressive. "The long arm of power" is not always accompanied with vision, foresight or self-control. It sometimes ignores local needs and differences, and, in its impatience to act, overrides liberty and justice.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner.*

ONE MAN'S SNAKE RECORD.

True History of a Georgian Who Does Not Wish to Pose as a Munchausen.

There is a citizen of Voldosta who has had some startling experiences with poisonous snakes during his life. He is entirely responsible, does not like notoriety and seldom talks of his adventures with reptiles, because he fears his recital of them would not be believed, and he does not care to figure as a Munchausen among snake story tellers.

Some time ago he was attracted by the laughing of a child who was at play in the front yard. Looking through the window he discovered to his horror that the child was playing with a great live rattlesnake, which sprang its warning rattle just as the child was rescued from what would have been certain death.

At another time recently, while wading in a branch, he stepped on a large water moccasin, and narrowly escaped being bitten, as he had crushed the body of the reptile and aroused its wrath. It did show fight, however, chasing him to dry land.

"On still another occasion," says this hero of many battles with snakes, "I had cause to tramp all day with some companions in a swamp, and it was during snake time of the year. During that day I had the misfortune to step on as many as three live and wriggling moccasins at different times, but had the good luck, as usual, to get off without having their poisonous fangs struck into my flesh. No other one of the party had any such close calls. It all fell to my lot.

"At another time, while I was pushing my way through a thick and boggy swamp, one of my feet broke through the moss covered mud, and it threw me forward. I caught at a tussock just by me, and threw my hand on a large moccasin. It flinched, but did not move. I was stuck in the mud. Its forked tongue flashed in my face! I could not get up without a struggle, and I was afraid to make the effort, fearing that a movement on my part would bring a strike in the face. I held my breath, while my hand went to my belt, and I drew therefrom a pistol. In an instant I got in the first blow, and the snake's head went off. A friend stood on a tussock five feet away watching the tragedy—in one act.

"Recently I was hunting cows in the pine woods. I rode a mule. I was going at a slow lope. Suddenly the beast threw its head down with a snort, and plowed the earth with both fore hoofs in a desperate effort to take up. I went over the horn of the saddle and astride of the mule's neck, and would have pitched over my head on the spot had I not seized the animal's ears, one in each hand, as I struggled wildly to prevent a fall. My head and chest went full over its head, but my grip on the long ears and my feet locked around its neck saved me for the time.

"Thus poised in a ridiculous attitude, my beast regained its footing, and then began backing and slamming me about against brush and sapling, until I rolled off on the ground. When I gained my feet I discovered a large rattlesnake in coil under a palmetto bush, just in front of the spot where the mule made the desperate effort to stop, and if I had gone over the animal's head I would have fallen head foremost upon the deadly reptile.

"More wonderful to relate, a little toddler who was burdened with my name came across a rattler one day and picked it up, and went around playing with it until an older brother discovered the child's peril and jerked it away from the snake."—Atlanta Constitution.

Hitting the Nail.

The travel of thousands of human beings up and down the tiled corridors of the postoffice has so worn the tiles that it is like walking over plowed ground. An old man and his wife, evidently strangers on a visit, were inspecting the interior of the building the other day, when she noticed the roughness and called his attention to it, and added:

"Samuel, I didn't know that sich a floor as this ever warped."

"Of course it don't," he replied, as he stopped to look.

"Then it's settled or sprung."

"Can't be. Stone floors can't spring. Lemme take a look."

He went out doors and peered around for two or three minutes, and then rejoined her to say:

"'Can't see any place where he got under, but I know what's the matter. Some stray hog's got under there and riz part of the floor up with his back. Don't you remember how they used to crawl under our kitchen and almost lift the hull house up?"—New York World.

The Cost of Feasts in the Past.

In 1638 the opening of Inigo Jones' new theater was celebrated by an elaborate banquet, attended by the lords of the council, and the bill amounted to £84 5s. 4d., exclusive of wine. Glass and plate were hired, and some of the former was broken and had to be paid for. We have the details of three dinners in 1676. A leg of mutton costs 3s. 4d.; a sirloin of beef, 9s.; 3 chickens and 3 rabbits, 5s. 6d.; 8 artichokes, 1s., and 4 cauliflowers, 1s. 3d. For buttered ale, the ingredients of which were a hundred eggs, 8 gallons of ale, 2 pounds of butter, 8 pounds of sugar and 1 ounce of nutmegs, the charge was 10s. 11d.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Silver, Not Honor, Wanted.

Theodore de Banville, the poet, could not be persuaded to seek a place in the French Academy. One day Francois Coppee vainly tried all his arts to overcome the prejudice of De Banville. "But," he cried at last, "what will you do if we bring you the notification of your election on a silver plate?" De Banville answered quickly, "I shall certainly accept the silver plate."—Paris Figaro.

Proof.

"Sweets are said to be bad for the teeth."

"They are, very. My wife made a pie the other day, and I broke five of my front ones trying to bite through it."—Harper's Bazar.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs. Lydia O. E. Pittston, Me., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Howson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No.10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 553 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denflauer, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 361 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fox, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Anbry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—O A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Foran, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Roeder, F S. Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 229 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bindauer, R S, 156 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 3824 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Our Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesday.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P H Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Testy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 356 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 445 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Purcell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. sec., 689 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1729 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 442 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 275 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 255 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., P. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2882 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3136 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Loch st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 2759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Sreshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st; V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 256 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 o m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Daniel Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 223 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
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Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.
Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quin

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Kippered Herring, per can	21 cents
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A 1 lb can Best Quality Lobsters	21 cents
A 3 lb can Mackerel in Mustard	23 cents
Picnic Pickles, per bottle	7 cents
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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter Clarke, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland; last heard from about ten years ago; was then in Gunnison, Colorado. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his brother, JAS. CLARKE, 1267 W. Sixteenth st, Chicago, Ill.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891 John G. Haueise vs. Sarah Haueise. In Chancery. No. 91,750.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haueise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

ESTATE OF JAMES PYNE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Pyne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof. JOHN PYNE, Executor.

Dated Chicago, June 3, 1891.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Kraske.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MURPHY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 26, 1891.

WILLIAM F. MURPHY, Administrator.

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